THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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A GIFTED IRISHMAN.

Graphic Sketch of William J Fitzpatrick, Author of the "Sham Squire" and Other Famous Works, by Eugene Davis.

A Man Who Compelled Literary Success in the Comparatively Unproductive Book Field of Ireland.

The great literary success achieved by the recently published volume, "Secret Service under Pitt," makes the personality of its author, Mr. William J. Fitzpatrick, a timely subject for public interest. Mr. Fitzpatrick is one of the very few Irish writers of today who, though residing in Dublin, still command the ears of British readers. All the publications, dealing as they did exclusively with Irish subjects, that emanated from his pen durthe past thirty and odd years, have had at least as ready a sale in the English as in the Irish market. That his books deserve the patronage which is bestowed upon them, none save the most bilious of critics would deny; for from cover to cover they are replete with valuable information gathered by the author throughout long years of labor and research, and contain here and there some very curious and interesting revelations which throw a new light on the pre-union records of Ireland. Mr. Fitzpatrick's glimpses of Irish history are like the Brothers Goncourts' Pictures of the French Revolution; chatty descriptions of the life of the period, and pen-and-ink sketches of the leading personalities that figured on the political stage, and exercised a commanding influence over their fellows. In the department of biography Mr. Fitzpatrick may be justly styled a bright particular star. He is indeed the Plutarch of Irish celebrities. He has given us the biographies and correspondence of some of the most eminent Irishmen of this century, authors and statesmen, laymen and ecclesiastics, about each of whom he furnishes his readers with much spicy anecdote. The charm about Mr. Fitzpatrick's books is that they never tire one out. Each page has its bright and salient story of witty dialogue or of adventure described in clear-cut English. There is none of the dry lumber of the schools about his writings. He entertains while he instructs; and there is, moreover, nothing that he does tell which he cannot confirm by an overwhelming array of authorities, should the necessity arise for such confirmation. He is very painstaking in his literary labors. He will spend weeks sometimes in hunting up any material at his command for the thorough verification of any fact to which he may refer in any of his pages. Mostly every day he is to be found seated at a table in the National Library of Dublin poring over musty volumes, turning the leaves of the Dublin University *Magazine* or the *Gentleman's Review*, jotting down in his note book any item of information which he may discover in these old files that would be likely to interest his future readers, and smiling with all the enthusiasm of a scholar when he happens on a good "find" in the shape of something which the world of letters has long since forgotten. These fragments are afterwards turned to good account by the author, who builds a stately structure of history or biography out of such material. Hence it is that so many of his pages are literary mosaics executed with all the deft skill of a master artist.

Mr. William J. Fitzpatrick was born on Aug. 31, 1830, in Ballyowen, county Kildare. His father, John Fitzpatrick, was a lineal descendant of Capt. James Fitzpatrick, whom the great genealogist, the Rev. J. F. Shearman, M. R. I. A., refers to in his "Loca Patriciana" as figuring in the Act of Settlement, A. D 1662. His ancestors, who were staunch Catholics, lost their estates in the religious persecution that characterized the Penal Days in Ireland, and had to embark in commercial pursuits. Mr. William J. Fitzpatrick's mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Brett, was a lady of much literary talent, having written some exquisite poems, as well as a novel entitled "Mervierath." It is to her her son attributes his weakness for the goose quill. Early in life his primary education being closed—he was sent to the famous Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, where he had as co disciples the late Lord Chancellor Naish, and the present Chief Baron Palles of the Four Courts, Dublin. Mr. Fitzpatrick passed through the educational curriculum of this establishment with signal honors, and thus prepared himself for the end which he contemplated devoting his talents to in after years.

When the time came for him to adopt a profession, various avenues opened themselves up to him in which he might have secured fame and fortune. One only could satisfy his youthful enthusiasm, and that was literature. A literary career is not at the start a very profitable one in the best favored of countries. In Ireland from start to finish it is almost invariably a precarious profession to follow. Mr. Fitzpatrick, however, having private means at his disposal, as well as an unshaken confidence in his own abilities to succeed, threw himself into literary work with the utmost zeal and ardor. He became a devoted student of Irish history. That portion of Irish records dealing with the years anterior to the ill-fated union had a particular fascination for him. In these records his growing knowledge and power of keen discrimination discovered many gaps which later on, thanks to his indefatigable, spiriting research, he himself was destined to fill when his talents had reached their perfect maturity.

His first work, the "Life of Lord Clon curry," was published in 1855, now thirty-eight years ago. Cloncurry, it will be remembered, was an United Irishman who was confined as a State prisoner for a couple of years in the Tower of London. In 1859 appeared "The Friends, Foes and Adventures of Lady Morgan," which had such a successful run that in 1860 he was induced to prepare and publish a larger and more comprehensive work on the same subject, which was entitled "Lady Morgan, Her Career, Literary and Personal." His reputation having now become a national one, Mr. Fitzpatrick devoted himself all the more energetically to his literary labors, and having spent some time in the *Record* office of Dublin gathering the most valuable information on many subjects, he gave the public the fruits of his toil in the shape of "The Sham Squire," 16 000 copies of which were sold all over the British Isles. It contained the life and adventures of Francis Higgins who was perhaps one of the most remarkable scoundrels of any age or country. Born in Dublin, he began life as an errand boy, shoeblack and waiter in a porter house. After some years he secured the post of clerk in an attorney's office, and by the aid of an oily tongue won the heart, hand and fortune of the daughter of a Mr. Archer, one of Dublin's wealthiest merchants, who had no objection to the match, as his son-in-law represented himself as a gentleman of property in Ulster. When Archer discovered that Higgins was only a poor devil of a scrivener, he criminally prosecuted him for fraud, and in the course of the hearing of the case the presiding judge referred to the prisoner as "this sham squire." Higgins, however, thanks to his characteristic audacity, entered on a career of remarkable prosperity. He became proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, mixed in the best society, and amassed a considerable fortune not only in journalism, but by his odious betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his associates. By a curious irony of fate, he left this blood money to the poor and to charities. He died with popular execration on his head, but his evil deeds were quite forgotten years afterwards, when Mr. Fitzpatrick unearthed his slimy record and gave it unvarnished to the public.

Among the other volumes that succeeded each other more or less rapidly from Mr. Fitzpatrick's facile pen, I may mention "The Life of Dr. Doyle," the well known "J. K. L." of the Irish newspapers of the opening decades of this century, and Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; a "Memoir of Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin;" "Curious Family History; or, Ireland Before the Union," which was a sequel to the "Sham Squire;" "Irish Wits and Worthies," containing sketches of Dr. Lanigan and other interesting Irish celebrities of bygone times; a "Life of Charles Lever," the novelist, and another of Father Tom Burke, the famous Irish Dominican preacher. In 1888 Mr. Fitzpatrick wrote and published "The Correspondence and Memoir of Daniel O'Connell," and in 1892 "Secret Service Under Pitt," of which I will have occasion to speak later on in this paper. Such, in a word, is the *bagage litteraire* which this prolific writer has contributed to Irish history and biography.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is in physique not unlike one of those typical Celts of old described by Thomas D'Arcy McGee—"taller than a Roman spear." He has, however, a slight stoop—the peculiar characteristic of almost every student and scholar. He is a well built man, *distingue* in appearance, genial in manner, and possesses some of that stately courtesy which characterized the abbe of the courts of the French kings. His face, roseate with the glow of health, is always full of sunshine; and the silver gray hairs lie still dense and strong on his head, despite the sixty-one winters' snows that have fallen upon them. Mr. Fitzpatrick bears his age remarkably well. A regular life and a robust constitution bid fair to enable him to hope to live for a quarter of a century more, as hale and as hearty as ever.

Socially Mr. Fitzpatrick is a bigger success than most literary men. Around his hospitable board in an elegant mansion in Fitzwilliam square, Dublin, gather at times a group of wits and worthies worthy to be classified with the bright and brainy knights of the quill, who crossed legs under the table of *Fraser's Magazine* half a century ago. Mr. Fitzpatrick is most at home in the society of literary men. He does not care what politics his guests profess, provided they do not obtrude them on the company. A believer in the possibility of an Irish Republic may sit around his cloth side by side with a rank Tory, and Trinity College professors may hobnob under his benignant smile with Fenians in disguise. If they be all *litterateurs*, and discuss literature or any other subject removed from the current political questions of the hour, the genial host is happy, and all goes happy as the proverbial marriage bell. Over his walnuts and wine the Irish biographer is full of anecdote. Brilliant in conversation—though his voice, like the voices of Lalor Sheil and Gavan Duffy, is at times a shrill piping treble—and gifted as he is with a propensity for flashing wit and good-natured humor, he never allows his guests to spend one dull moment under his hospitable roof.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's literary successes have won him several distinguished honors. His Holiness, Leo XIII., was so well pleased with his volume on Daniel O'Connell that he conferred a few years ago on the author the Grand Cross of a Knight of St. Gregory the Great. He is, moreover, a member of various learned societies such as the Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Dublin Society. He is also Professor of History in the Hibernian Academy of Arts—a post once held by the late Dr. Petrie.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's latest volume, "Secret Service under Pitt," is a large 400 page book, published by Longmans, Green & Co., of London and New York. It is, perhaps, the most valuable contribution to Irish historical literature that has appeared for the past twenty years. The author has spent years of the most assiduous toil over the work, ransacking the secret records of Dublin Castle for the valuable material which he has been enabled to present to the public in these interesting pages. He throws much lurid light on the infamy of the informers of '98, and makes many important revelations concerning these scoundrels. Readers of the book will find a considerable amount of spicy matter on Turner, one of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's betrayers; on Phillips, the secredotal spy; on Leonard McNally, Armstrong, Reynolds and several others whose sinister portraits are sketched by an impartial but a deservedly pitiless hand. Very interesting sketches of Fathers O'Coigly and O'Leary, Napper Tandy and the Sheares brothers are also given, and contribute to render the volume quite a standard book of information on the lives and characters of most of the prominent Irishmen who were connected directly or indirectly with the revolutionary movement of 98. Mr. Fitzpatrick merits, and should receive, the thanks of all lovers of Irish literature for this his latest and, I believe, his best portrayal of the lights and shades, the triumphs and sorrows of that sad but glorious epoch of Ireland's history.—*Eugene Davis in Boston Pilot.*

ALL QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A Reference Library Within the Easy Reach of Everybody.

Everyone who reads, everyone who mingles in society, is constantly meeting with allusions to subjects on which he needs and desires further information. In conversation; in trade; in professional life; on the farm; in the family, questions are constantly arising which no man whether well read or not can always satisfactorily answer. If the facilities for reference are at hand they are consulted and not only is curiosity gratified but his stock of knowledge is increased, and per haps information is gained and ideas suggested that will directly contribute to the success of the party concerned. And how are these facilities for reference to be had? How are the millions to procure this library? How are they to obtain the means of informing themselves on ever point in which they may be interested; of satisfying themselves with respect to persons and places, on questions of art and science, religion and politics, literature and philosophy, agriculture, commerce and manufacture? How can the workingman hope to bring within his reach the whole circle of sciences and other points of human knowledge that have developed up to the present day?

We answer these questions by offering our readers an opportunity to obtain the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica at the unheard of rate of only 10 cents a day. Elsewhere will be found details of this offer.

NOTICE—Persons desiring the Encyclopedia must cut the order blank out of THE CITIZEN and fill it out; otherwise the books will not be sent.

A Sight on the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, La Crosse and Winona, yet notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the twin cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis). They know nothing, beyond hearsay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi River, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric-Lighted, Steam-Heated Vestibule-Limited, with its berth-reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining-Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street.

The smallest "cat-boil" is large enough to show that the blood needs purifying—a warning which, if unheeded, may result, not in more boils, but in something very much worse. Avert the danger in time by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Cured others, will cure you.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

The Gaelic Class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 2 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Parliament was called hastily together. Her majesty told the houses "that there were atrocious crimes in Ireland,—a spirit of insubordination, an organized resistance to legal rights;" and, of course, that she required "additional powers" for the protection of life,—that is, high life.

The meaning of this was a new Coercion Bill. It was carried without delay, and with unusual unanimity; and it is instructive here to note the difference between a Whig in power and a Whig out. When Sir Robert Peel had proposed his Coercion Bill, the year before, it had been vehemently opposed by Lord John Russell and Lord Grey. It was time to have done with coercion, they had said; Ireland had been "misgoverned;" there had been too many Arms Acts and Curfew Acts; it was "justice" that was wanted now, and they, the Whigs, were the men to dispense it. Earl Grey, speaking of the last Coercion Bill (it was brought in by the other party), said emphatically (see debate in the Lords, March 23, 1846), "that measures of severity had been tried long enough;" and repeated, with abhorrence, the list of coercive measures passed since 1800, all without effect; now, since 1800, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, the Act for the Suppression of the Rebellion being still in force; how they were continued in 1801; continued in 1804; how the Insurrection Act was passed in 1807, which gave the lord lieutenant full and legal power to place any district under martial law, to suspend trial by jury, and make it a transportable offense to be out of doors from sunset to sunrise; how this act remained in force till 1810; how it was renewed in 1814—continued in '15, '16, '17—revived in '22, and continued through '23, '24 and '25; how another Insurrection Act was needed in 1833—was renewed in '34, —and expired but five years ago. "And again," continued this Whig, "again in 1846, we are called on to renew it!" Horrible!—revolting to a Liberal out of place!

"We must look farther," continued Earl Grey—vociferating from the opposition bench—"we must look to the root of the evil; the state of the law and the habits of the people, in respect to the occupation of land, are almost at the roots of the disorder; it was undeniable that the clearance system prevailed to a great extent in Ireland; and that such things could take place, he cared not how large a population might be suffered to grow up in a particular district, was a disgrace to a civilized country."

And Lord John Russell, in the commons, said: "If they were to deal with the question of the crimes, they were bound to consider also whether there were not measures that might be introduced which would reach the causes of those crimes;"—and he horrified the house by an account he gave them of "a whole village, containing 270 persons, razed to the ground, and the entire of that large number of individuals sent adrift on the high road, to sleep under the hedges, without even being permitted the privilege of boiling their potatoes; or obtaining shelter among the walls of the houses." Disgusting!—to a Whig statesman in opposition!

Now these very same men had had the entire control and government of Ireland for a year and a half. Not a single measure had been proposed by them in that time to reach "the causes of those crimes;" not a single security had been given "in respect of the occupation of land;" not one check to that terrible "clearance system," which was a disgrace to a civilized country." On the contrary, every measure was carefully calculated to accelerate the clearance system; and the government had helped that system ruthlessly by the employment of their troops and police. They had literally swept the people off the land by myraids upon myraids; and now, when their Relief Acts were admittedly a failure, and when multitudes of homeless peasants, transformed into paupers, were at length making the landed men and mortgagees, and heirs, and insurance officers tremble for their gains,—the Liberal Whig ministry had nothing to propose but more jails, more handcuffs, more transportation.

The new Coercion Bill was in every respect like the rest of the series; in Ireland, these bills are all as much like one another as one policeman's carbine is like another. Disturbed districts were to be proclaimed by the lord lieutenant. He might proclaim a whole county, or the whole thirty two counties. Once proclaimed, every body in that district was to be within doors (whether he had a house or not), from dark till morning. Anyone found not at home, to be arrested or transported. If arms were found about any man's premises, and he could not prove that they were put there without his knowledge,—arrest, imprisonment, transportation. All the arms in the district to be brought in, on proclamation to that effect, and piled in the police offices. The lord lieutenant to quarter on the district as many additional police, inspectors, detectives, and sub inspectors, as he might think fit;—offer such rewards to informers as he might think fit;—and charge all the expense upon the tenantry, to be levied by rates,—no part of these rates to be charged to the landlords;—constabulary to collect them at the point of the bayonet;—and these rates to be in addition to poor rates, cess, tithes, rent, and imperial taxes.

The story is now brought down to the point at which the "Irish Confederation,"—the only body in Ireland which gave the enemy the slightest apprehension,—became divided. And here it is needful that I speak somewhat more particularly of myself. I had been one of the founders of that Confederation, and had for two years written nearly all the political articles in the *Nation*. I had watched the progress of the famine-policy of the government, and could see nothing in it but machinery, deliberately devised and skilfully worked, for the entire subjugation of the island,—the slaughter of a portion of its people, and the pauperization of the rest. Therefore, I had come to the conclusion that the whole system ought to be met with resistance at every point; and the means for this would be extremely simple; namely, a combination among the people to obstruct and render impossible the transport and shipment of Irish provisions; to refuse all aid in its removal; to destroy the highways; to prevent every one, by intimidation, from daring to bid for grain or cattle if brought to auction under "distress" (a method of obstruction which had put an end to church tithes before); in short, to offer a passive resistance universally; but occasionally, when opportunity served, to try the steel. To recommend such a course would be extremely hazardous, and was, besides, in advance of the revolutionary progress made up to that time by Mr. Duffy, proprietor of the *Nation*. Therefore, in the beginning of December, I announced that I would write in the *Nation* no more. My friend, Devin Reilly, abandoned it also on the same day.

We still remained connected with the Confederation; and in the clubs and committee made no scruple to promulgate our views, and to recommend that the people should be advised not to give up their arms, but, on the contrary, provide more, especially pikes, for any contingency; seeing they might well be assured the government sought to disarm them for the same reason that a highway robber disarms his victim.

Mr. Smith O'Brien earnestly remonstrated against this course. It would amount almost to a declaration of war; and he urged that the country was not "prepared" for war. Moreover, he honestly believed that the rents were justly due; and that the poor-rates, though a grievous blunder, were really a machinery for relief, not for slaughter. He came hastily up to Dublin, and introduced resolutions into the Confederation, disavowing certain letters written by Reilly and by myself, condemning our sentiments, and protesting against the club organization being made the medium of promulgating them.

I maintained that no law of the Confederation was violated by what we had done; that there was no use in an Irish Confederation at all, unless it was prepared in so deadly an emergency to advise the general arming of the people, and to make them look for redress of their wrongs to this one agency—the edge of the sword; that if they were not prepared to fight pitched battles with the queen's troops, they were as well prepared as they ever would be; that if they were mowed down by shot and sabre, they would die a better death than was usual at that period; for no carnage could be so hideous as the British famine.

There was a two days' debate on O'Brien's resolutions, John Martin occupying the chair. It was conducted with perfect courtesy and mutual respect; and it ended in adoption of the resolutions, by no very great majority. The weight and authority which O'Brien's character deservedly gave him, influenced many; others were moved by the same considerations which acted upon him; and if I had not felt myself to be most exclusively and extremely right, I might have well doubted my position when Dillon, Meagher and O'Gorman successively rose up and spoke, and voted for the resolutions. The other side was maintained by Eugene O'Reilly, who has since been colonel of a Turkish cavalry regiment in the Russian war; and by Devin Reilly, now in his grave at Washington.

We, therefore, and some two hundred other Confederates, who voted with us, retired from the meetings of the Confederation; and I resigned my place on the committee, and my office of Inspector of Clubs for the province of Ulster. Revolution, then, was ruled out; and I was cut off from the Confederation, as I had been from the Repeal Association before, and on the same question—physical force. This division took place on Feb 5, 1848. Three weeks after, Louis Philippe fled from before the face of an outraged people; and the tocsin was sounded for a revolution all over Europe.

On Feb. 12 appeared the first number of the *United Irishman*, a weekly paper established and owned by me. For contributors I had not only Reilly, but Father Kenyon (a good Tipperary priest, and one of the most accomplished scholars in Ireland); John Martin and James Clarence Mangan; Catholics, Protestants and Pagans, but all resolute Revolutionists.

The British government had watched all these proceedings in the Confederation with some interest. They feared nothing in the world but pikes and rifles, and knew that so long as the Confederates confined themselves to "constitutional" operations, British dominion was safe. The first number of the *United Irishman* startled them a little; especially when they learned that the press, working night and day, could not keep pace with the demand; and that single copies were freely purchased at five times their cost. Lord Stanley (Earl Derby) brought up the first number into the house of lords; and I may be pardoned for extracting a passage from his lordship's speech. After reading large extracts, he continues:

"This paper was published at 5d, but, as I am informed, when the first number appeared, so much was it sought after, that, on its first appearance, it was eagerly bought in the streets of Dublin at 1s 6d and 2s a number. With the people of Ireland, my lords, this language will tell—and I say it is not safe for you to disregard it. These men are honest; they are not the kind of men who make their patriotism the means of barter for place or pension. They are not to be bought off by the government of the day for a colonial place, or by a snug situation in the customs or excise. No; they honestly repudiate this course; they are rebels at heart; and they are rebels avowed, who are in earnest in what they say and propose to do. My lords, this is not a fit subject, at all events, for contempt. My belief is, that these men are dangerous;—my belief is, that they are traitors in intent already, and if occasion offers, that they will be traitors in fact."

In calling us "rebels," his lordship was right; but traitors we were not.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE ENGLISH ARMY.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* says: The general annual report of the army for 1891 is now issued in a complete form. The 119 tables into which the Blue Book is divided are brimful of facts and figures. The average strength of the army during 1891 was 209 699. This is higher by 478 than the strength of 1890, and during the twenty years since 1872, has only been exceeded in 1888 and 1889. The average strength for the six years 1886 91 inclusive, was 208 950, compared with 188,241 for the previous six years, an improvement of 26 000, which indicates that the military arm was weakening. The return also shows that the army strength was at its highest level at the latest date to which the figures are brought down. On Jan. 1 last the effective strength of the army was 211 590 and this is the highest figure contained in the returns of the twenty years. Of every 1 000 men in the army on Jan. 1, 1892, there were 178 under 20 years, 733 between 20 and 30, and 89 over 30 years. The proportions on Jan. 1, 1891, were 158, 748 and 94 respectively, and in 1886 they were 132, 757 and 111. At the beginning of the present year, out of every 1,000 491 soldiers were under and 509 over 5 feet 7 inches in height. In 1886 the proportions were 473 and 527, and going back to 1873 412 and 588. Taking chest measurement, the men in every 1 000 who were under 37 inches have risen steadily from 562 on Jan. 1, 1882, to 630 on Jan 1 last. It can scarcely be said that these figures are evidence of our having created an ideal system. In many respects the army has improved enormously in the last decade. But one must take facts as we find them, and the figures we have quoted taken from an official return show unquestionably that the proportion of growing lads in the ranks is far too large. It cannot be a good thing either for the army or the taxpayer that regiments, batteries and battalions should be a little better than military nurseries when they ought to be fit to take the field at a few hours' notice. It is not an economical system in the long run to take growing lads and pay them as men because men are not found in sufficient numbers. It would be far better and cheaper to adopt the excellent idea put forward by more than one witness before Lord Wantage's committee, by which the depot would be constituted a training place for the younger soldiers, and the headquarter companies be made up of efficient soldiers only. And now let us turn again to the volume of tables and take from its pages a few more figures bearing upon the subject of recruiting. The number of men of English birth in the arm (exclusive of the Colonial Corps and West India Regiment) is set down at 153,107, of Scottish birth 15 990, and of Irish birth 26 778. But while the number of men of English nationality tends to increase, there has been a falling off during the past five or six years in soldiers of Scottish birth, while the number of Irishmen in the army has been steadily declining for twenty years. Going back to Jan. 1, 1873, we find that in every 1 000 men there were on an average 674 Englishmen, 85 Scotchmen, 237 Irishmen and 4 foreigners. At the beginning of the present year the proportion of Englishmen had risen to 769; that of Scotchmen had fallen to 80, of Irishmen to 135 and of foreigners to 1; while there were 15 out every 1 000 born in India or the Colonies. There are many who think that the field for recruiting in Ireland is not properly worked. This may be so, but, considering who the commander of the forces in Ireland is, and the great interest he takes in the development of our existing system, such a matter may be well left in his hands. If he, with the opportunities he enjoys, satisfies himself that more might be done to attract Irish recruits to the colors, we may rest satisfied that before his term of command expires something will be done to increase the contingent of Irish soldiers. No one knows better than Lord Wolseley what excellent fighting qualities the Irish possess, and with his knowledge of them he will do everything in his power, we may be sure to raise the number obtained from this once fruitful source of supply.

[Yes; English policy has thinned out the Irish military supply. Victoria may yet exclaim, like George II. after Fontenoy, "Accursed be the laws that deprived me of such soldiers!"]

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in your case?

The Wrong Side of Fifty.

Reader, have you passed the meridian of life? Are your joints getting stiff, your muscles and sinews losing their elasticity? Are you troubled with lumbago? Are you, in short, in daily or occasional receipt of any of those admonitions which nature gives to remind people that they are growing old? If so, try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a most genial and agreeable mitigator of the infirmities of age, a rapid promotor of convalescence, and an effectual means of counteracting bodily decay. Good digestion, sound sleep, a hearty appetite, freedom from rheumatic twinges, are among the benign fruits that spring from the regular and persistent use of this superb tonic and corrective, which has received the unqualified sanction of the medical fraternity. Give it the fair trial that it deserves, and you will be grateful for this advice.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER I.

PREFACE.

In this tale it is proposed to familiarize the reader with some of the chief personages and scenes of the eventful drama known as "the Irish Insurrection of 1641."

The historic data on which the narrative is framed have been drawn from the most authentic sources, chief among which may be mentioned the admirable works of the Rev. C. P. Meehan, a writer whose Titanic labor of love on behalf of the patriots of the Confederation should win him the warmest gratitude of his countrymen.

Nearly all the characters are, therefore, real, and occupy their various bright or gloomy niches in the temple of Irish history: the merciless Hamilton is no myth, as everybody knows who has read his horrible record of "services"; neither is the intrepid MacMahon, nor the informer O'Connolly, nor the heroic O'Reilly, nor the inhuman Swanley—no more, indeed, than Rory O'Moore or Owen Roe O'Neill.

Of course there is a due dash of fiction—and where it ends, and fact begins, and vice versa, is left to the inquiring reader to distinguish—but the exigencies of the plot have been laid to accord with the truths of history, and in very rare or trifling instances has this principle been departed from. However, apart from the violet light of romance here attempted to be shed upon them, there must ever be a solid intrinsic interest, thrilling and fascinating, in the bold and valiant exploits of the chivalry of Ireland in their struggle for homes and altars.

With these brief premises the author invites the reader to accompany him under the national flag of green in its progress, surrounded by guardian swords, throughout Ireland;—to charge with the Slasher at Finae, to assault with Preston at Duncannon, to conquer with Owen Roe at Benburb.

CHAPTER I.

THE BANKS OF LOUGH GILL.

"She's more sweet than the sunset, more bright than the swan,
And song like her sweet voice I never heard one!
There's not in my pulses a red drop so mean
Would not flow to defend thee, my bonnie Kathleen!"

It was a beautiful evening in September. The declining sun cast a flood of light on the mellow landscape, glowing on the brown, red, and golden foliage of the wooded hills, and on the bosom of the lovely sheet of water they enclosed—the Killarney of North Connacht—as aptly termed by the ancient Celts, in their truthful and poetic topography, Loch Gile, "the Bright Lake."

Calm and serene as the blue, unclouded sky that domed it, the lake spread out like a vast mirror—a mirror in which nature loved to see herself reflected in her brightest array of bloom and beauty. Every islet that arose from its bosom was a luxuriant grove, and all around the shore stately woods extended over hill and dale, save where broad fields of corn were ripening in the sun, or where pleasant meadows expanded along the banks, with fat and favored kine ruminating amid the rich grass. The sunlight gilt the hoary walls of Breffny Castle and the venerable ruins on Church Island; and here and there from amid the trees a thin blue wreath of smoke ascended into the still air from the thatched hut of a *brughaidh* or farmer—almost the only tokens of human life visible in the landscape.

The vesper voice of nature sounded sweet and low. Now and then a stray zephyr rustled the branches of the trees, seeming to shake off flakes of sunlight into the shadowy recesses of the wood. There was an occasional drowsy lowing from the kine in the pastures, a cooing of amatory doves in the depths of the wood, the rustle of a rabbit among the tall grass and fern, the shriek of a skimmering seagull, or the plash of a water fowl. These and other sounds mingled at intervals with the gentle, dreamy ripple of the wavelets on the shingle; but the hush of eve was growing deeper every moment, and the sounds that broke its silence seemed to add to its tranquility.

Suddenly a melodious strain floated out over the sunlit water, and the music of a delicious female voice carolling a Celtic song was borne on the air.

It was a simple, artless song, a quaint old Irish ballad telling of the sorrowful loves of a certain fair MacDermott and a certain dark O'Rourke, and yet the enchantress Lurline, seated on her mossy rock beside the Rhine, could scarce have poured forth a more tender and bewitching melody than this, which seemed like the harmony of silver bells tinkled by music-loving fairies in some bosky dell beside the water.

The melody proceeded from beneath the shade of a magnificent sycamore that grew on the verge of the shore. There, on the trunk of a prostrate tree, were seated an old man and a maiden, and it was from the red lips of the latter that the stream of song was flowing.

The old man, who wore the high conical cap (or *fileadh*) and flowing robes of an Irish bard, was a venerable, white-haired patriarch, with a majesty akin to that of one of the giant trees of the primeval wood that stood at his back, robed with trailing ivy and hoary with moss. Manus O'Cuirnin had long followed the profession of seanachie—a combination of bard, story-teller, and historian—and his was long the place of honor at the feasts of the neighboring Irish chieftains. But now his palsied fingers refused to touch the harp strings as they had been wont, his shoulders were bowed with the weight of nigh a century.

Despite the seanachie's great age his sight was almost unimpaired, and he was now poring over an old yellow manuscript. It was only when the maiden's song ceased that he raised his eyes from the black lines of Celtic characters.

"Gilliamachree," he said, turning to his young companion, "I feel as if I were thirty years younger when I listen to your sweet voice, and the blood runs right warmly through my old veins. You remind me of the bird whose singing raised St. Fursey to the gate of heaven. What would I do at all without you, avourneen?"

He laid his feeble hand caressingly on her head. A dainty, graceful little head it was—a head crowned with the natural "glory of woman," a wealth of hair that, bound by the simple ribbon of maidenhood streamed down the owner's back in a mass of glossy brown tresses. She was barely 16, a brunette, and singularly handsome. Her beauty was of that sweet, piquant, peculiarly Celtic type so racy of the Irish soil. A perfect embodiment she looked of fresh young health, of gazelle-like grace and vigor—and the spirit of the seanachie's grandchild was pure as the wholesome air that breathed around her.

A shawl of dark woollen stuff was gracefully draped round her shoulders and fastened on one of them by by a silver brooch representing a cluster of intertwined serpents.

"Now, grandfather mine," she replied, with a light laugh, "I fear you have too high an opinion of me. You praise my singing—you who taught me how to sing, ay, and to play your clairseach, too. You compare me to the bird of St. Fursey. Alas! 'tis not my poor voice can raise your mind to heaven."

A fair shapely arm stole round the seanachie's neck, and his grandchild's head rested tenderly on his breast. For some time age and youth remained in mute embrace, the silvery locks of the one mingled with the brown tresses of the other, and silence prevailed save for the splash made by a driving cormorant and the distant wail of a horn in the wood.

"Listen, avourneen, listen," said the patriarch at the latter sound, "the hunters are in the wood. There was a time when I could hunt, fish, ay, or fight, as well as the best; but, *fareer gair*, that time is gone—heaven be with it!—and all that is left for the old man now is a grave beside his wife inside the walls of Creevelea. Her brother Niall and the good angels of heaven will watch over my darling when her old grandfather is gone. Come, aroon, sing me that fine old song again!"

Again the sweet young voice was raised in song; but this time the melody was interrupted by a ferocious yell from the wood, and a large wolf emerged from the thicket and came dashing along the shore right in the direction of the singer and her aged companion. Recovering from her first shock of surprise, the maiden sprang to her feet, and threw herself courageously between the seanachie and the threatening danger. On came the fierce animal, through rage or fear rendered blind to the human obstacle in his way, until he almost reached the maiden's feet, with another wild yell, he halted, and sank back on his haunches, as if preparing for a spring.

It was a moment of painful excitement, that in which Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin, pale and frigid as snow, stood confronting the wild creature as it crouched at her feet, with its eyes aflame, its cruel white fangs wickedly displayed, and its shaggy sides, from one of which a stream of blood was issuing, violently panting. Another moment and those gleaming fangs would have clashed in that fair young throat, but suddenly a shout rang from the wood, and forth from the under-brush bounded a splendid wolf hound, which with the rapidity of an arrow flew at its natural enemy. In an instant wolf and dog, locked in deadly grapple, were rolling over and over on the sward; but the combat was soon ended by a young man who came running from the wood and with one plunge of a javelin stretched the huge body of the wolf gaunt and lifeless on the ground.

Still white and trembling, Kathleen resumed her seat. The whole affair had occurred so suddenly that it was only when it had so fortunately terminated that she began to comprehend the great extent of the danger which had threatened her. The girl had good nerves, but it was some time before she raised her sinking head to see the hunter whose arrival had been so opportune.

"It was in good time you came, avic," said old Manus, addressing the latter; "and more power to your arm for giving that fine thrust. Kathleen, alanna machree, it was heaven that saved you from a bloody death—such a death as happened to Blanche de Burgo in the old times, when, poor lady! she was killed by a wolf on her wedding morning. Come here, my bouchal, and give me a shake of your hand for that good job you're after doing. Kathleen machree, sure you're forgetting to give the boy a good word for his brave action."

Seizing the youth's hand the seanachie shook it warmly, while Kathleen gracefully and sincerely uttered the "good word" of thanks, accompanying it with a glance of her dark eyes that spoke a world of gratitude.

At sight of the bardic fileadh on the seanachie's head, the young man doffed his plumed cap and stood in a respectful attitude in the homage-exacting presence of age and beauty.

"I need no thanks, father," he replied, with the familiar style of address in vogue among the Irish, "but I thank heaven myself and Fischa arrived in such good time. Great Fionn! what a hot chase the brute has led us. Well done, my gallant Fischa—a braver dog never breathed!"

So saying he patted the head of his hound, whose sharp muzzle was red with the gore of the slain animal.

The rejoicing wolf-hunter was a tall, symmetrical youth of 20 years, with a frank and pleasant countenance and a head covered with dark clustering curls. His dress was a simple brown tunic, girded by a broad leather belt supporting a *skian fada*—the favorite weapon, sharp and long, of the native Irish—and the close fitting Celtic *bracca*, which displayed nether limbs to advantage.

"You do not hunt often in this direction?" remarked Kathleen.

"No. I usually take Fischa to the woods of Glenfarne, but this dead sheep stealer led the pair of us hither after we had started him almost at the gate of Dromahaire."

"Ha, Dromahaire, that is the place, surely!" exclaimed old Manus, starting from a short reverie, during which his eyes were intently fixed on the features of the new comer. "Tell me, avic, have I not seen you beneath the roof of Owen O'Rourke?"

"Possibly, for I am his *dalta*, and have often noticed you in his company."

"What—you the foster-son of the tierna of Dromahaire and I not to know it! Sit you down, avic, sit you down for a shanachus with the old man and his grandchild. Perhaps you know who I am?"

"Certainly, father. Who in Breffny has not seen or heard of Manus O'Cuirnin, the famed seanachie of Lough Gill?

The patriarch shook his white locks dubiously.

"People might speak like that of me ten or twenty years ago, but the still voice and the silent harp are soon forgotten. Are you an O'Rourke?"

"No, my name is Edmund O'Tracy."

"O'Tracy—'tis not a name we often hear in these parts."

"Our sept is a Northern one," remarked the youth, and picking up the manuscript which had fallen from the seanachie's hands when the wolf put in his unwelcome appearance, he handed it to the owner, remarking that it was a pity that such a goodly book should lie neglected.

"Yes, yes," acquiesced Manus, "the book is a good one, sure, enough; but what is it to the manuscripts and the Leabhar Garr of the O'Cuirnins that were burnt in Inismore yonder in the old days? Ay, in the grand old days, when the spears of Breffny were strong and sharp to resist an invader, and when the rule of O'Rourke lay from the Dunchiadh to the sea, Mavrone! things are changed since, but may heaven ever bless the noble posterity of Feargus!"

"You seem much attached to the Clann O'Rourke."

"Heart and soul I am with the family to whom mine owes fealty. I have seen the proud and generous race in its grandeur, as I see it now in its ruin. Yes, avic, when Brian Oge and his clansmen marched home in triumph from the victory of the Corraliabh my harp and chant rang loudest in the hall of Dromahaire. Ah, that was a day to remember!"

The old man was now set on his favorite theme, and a long discourse ensued between the trio. The seanachie related some of his best legends, and the young hunter told his new acquaintances the tale of his origin, past life, and future prospects—a story which proved very interesting to Kathleen, in fact more interesting than all her grandsire's wondrous narratives taken together. And as she learned by degrees that the fine manly young fellow before her was soon to seek a soldier's fortune in the army of the king of Spain, and as her grandsire, speaking from experience, painted a thrilling picture of the tumult, contention, and slaughter of a battlefield and of the hazards and horrors of war, Desdemona could never have been more sincere than she in deciding that "'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

And ever and anon as the young man encountered the earnest, sympathetic look of her dark eyes he experienced a strange kind of feeling, a feeling which caused him to make innumerable blunders in his tale, and partly confused his senses in a curious and inexplicable manner, but which was withal most vaguely delightful.

They conversed until the evening was near its close, and the shadows of the great trees were stretched far over the water.

"The old man must get indoors ere the air grows cooler," said the seanachie at length, rising with difficulty to his feet. "Come, avic, you will lend him the support of your strong arm as far as his sheeling?"

As he moved homewards between his two companions he indulged his penchant by the relation of some more traditions, pointing out the site of the great battle in which Roderick MacCathal O'Connor defeated the O'Rourkes three centuries before, and the *esnach* where King Eogan Bel was buried head downwards in his armor by the Clann Connaill.

It was not far to the homestead of the O'Cuirnins, on reaching which Edmund O'Tracy had a warm Milesian greeting accorded him by Kathleen's brother Niall, a tall, strapping young *brughaidh*; and he sat down with his entertainers to their evening repast. As soon as the board was cleared the old clairseach (or harp) of Manus was brought forth from its recess to be touched by the white fingers of Kathleen; and the guest of the evening listened in silent rapture as the soul-melting strains of the grand old Irish song of Maurice O'Dugan of Benburb, the immortal "Coulin," thrilled through the apartment, and as the face and form, the voice and mien of the singer were impressing themselves on his heart and mind.

It was long after sunset when the hunter quitted the hospitable abode of the O'Cuirnins. The stars had begun to peep out of the blue vault of heaven, and the calm and beautiful summer twilight was deepening over the fairy landscape as he crossed the hills with the wiry wolf-dog at his heels. His heart was so full of his adventure, so charged with sweet and tender emotions, that on reaching Dromahaire Castle, his home, he could not for the life of him avoid detailing the events of the day to an old gillie or servant of the castle, and inquiring of him as to his newly-formed acquaintance.

"Beard of Conn! I see how the land lies," ejaculated old Cahir O'Meehan, with a facetious wrinkling of his gray eyebrows; "arrah, gossoon, are you to this without knowing the handsomest colleen of the countryside—her that the people call the Wild Rose of Lough Gill?"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN].

"Ni bheidh aon mhaith aige le fághail as an gealltanas," ar san firin beag do bhi ag caint le Goillis annsan bpálás roimhe sin, agus mar dubhairt se an focal dhruid se anonn chum na hóg-mhná agus bhuail se bos air a leitheeann. "'Nois!" ar se, "béidh si gan caint feasta. 'Nois! a Ghoillis, cad é an mhaith dhuit-se í nuair a bhéidh si balbh? Is mithid dúinn imtheacht, acht béidh cuimhne agad orrainne, a Ghoillis na geos dubh!"

Nuair dubhairt se sin shin se a dhá lámh amach, agus sul d'fheud Goillis aon fhreagradh thabhairt dó, bhi se féin agus an chuid eile dhíobh imthighthe asteach annsan ráth as a amhare agus ni fhaca se iad níos mó.

Thionntaigh se chum na h-óg-mhná águs dubhairt se leithe, "Buidheachas le Dia, tá siad imthighthe; nach feárr leat fanamhaint liom-sa ná leo-san?" Nior fhreagair sí dadamh; "tá buaidhreadh agus brón uirri foe," ar Goillis ann a intinn féin, agus labhair se leithe aris. "tá faitchios orm go gcaithfidh tu an oidhche seo chathadh i dteach m'athar, a bhean-uasal, agus má tá aon rud is féidir liom-sa dheunamh air do shon, innis dam é, agus béidh me mo shearbhfhóghanta dhuit." D'fhan an cailín sgiamhach breágh 'nna tost, acht bhi deora ann a súilibh, agus bhi a h-eudan bán agus dearg 'r éis a chéile.

"A bhean-uasal," ar Goillis, "innis dam creud budh mhaith leat a dheunamh anois. Nior bhain mise leis an dream sidheoige sin a rug leo thu. Is mac feilmeora eneasta me, agus chuaidh me leo gan fhios dam. Má thiucfaidh liom do chur air ais chum d'athar deunfaidh me é, agus guidhim thu úsáid air bith is mian leat do dheunamh dhíom anois."

Dheare se ann a h-eudan agus chonnaire se an beul ag corrughad amhail, a's mar bhi sí dul a labhairt, acht ni thainig son fhocal as.

"Ni féidir," ar Goillis, "go bhfuil tu balbh, nár chualaidh mé thú ag labhairt le mac an righ annsa' bpálás anocht. No an ndéarna an diabhal sin bain dáiribh thu, nuair bhuail se a lámh ghránna air do ghiall?"

Thóg an cailín a lámh mhín bhán, agus leag sí a meur air a teanga ag taisbeant dó gur chaill sí a guth agus a caint, agus rith na deora amach as a dhá súil 'san am ceudna chomh luath le srothán, agus go deimhin ni raibh súile Ghoillis féin tirm, mar chomh garbh a's bhi se taobh amuigh, do bhi eroidhe bog aige, agus nior fheud se amhare an chailín óig sheasamh, agus í annsan riocht mi-ágamhuil sin.

Thosaigh se ag smuaineadh leis féin creud do budh chóir dó dheunamh, agus nior mhaith leis a tabhairt a bhaile leis fein go teach a athar, mar bhi fhios aige gó maith nach gcreidfeadh siad é, go raibh se annsa' bh-Frainc agus go dtug se air ais leis ingean Righ na Frainc, agus bhi faitchios air go ndeunfadh siad magadh faoi an óg-mhnaoi uasal, no go geuirfeadh siad droch-aigneas uirri.

Nuair bhi se mar sin i n-ambras mór agus gan fhios aige creud do dheunfadh se, thárla gur chuir se a lámh ann a phóca, agus fuair se páipeur ann; tharraing so amach é agus bhreathnuigh se air, agus air an mómid d'aithnigh se bulla an Phápa. "Glóir do Dhia!" ar se, "tá 's agam anois creud do dheunfaidh me, béarfaidh me liom go teach an t-sagairt í, agus nuair fheicfidh se a phárdús anno, ni dhiúltóchaidh se dham an bhean-uasal do chonnbháil agus do chothughadh." Thionntaigh se do'n óg-mhnaoi arís agus d'innis se dhi go raibh leisg air í féin do thabhairt go teach a athar, acht go raibh sagart maith macánta do dhi muinntearach leis féin, agus go dtiódhradh seisean aire mhaith dhi, dá mbudh mbaith leithe fanamhaint ann a theach-san, acht dá mbeidheadh aon áit eile do b'fheárr léithe go dtiódhradh se chum na háite sin í.

Chrom sise a ceann, agus thaisbean sí dhó go raibh sí buidheach, agus thug sí le tuigsint dó go raibh sí réidh le na leanamhaint ann áit air bith do bhi se dul. "Rachamaoid go teach an t-sagairt, mar sin," ar se, "agus tá se faoi oibliogáid damhsa, agus deunfaidh se rud air bith a dhéarfas me."

Chualidh siad, mar sin, go teach an t-sagairt le chéile, agus bhi an ghrian go díreach ag éirighe nuair thainig siad chum an dorais. Bhuail Goillis go láidir é, agus chomh moch a's bhi se, do bhi an sagart maith 'nna shuidhe, agus d'fhoesail se an doras é féin. Bhi iongantas air nuair chonnaire se Goillis agus an cailín, agus bhi se cinnte gur b' ag iarraidh bheith pósta do bhi siad.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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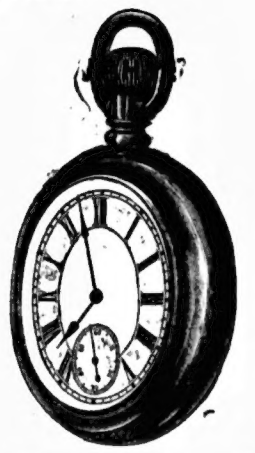

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Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finenes and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

HIS TROUBLES ARE OVER

Sudden Death at Chicago of "Farmer" McClaughry.

WAS WIDELY KNOWN IN ILLINOIS.

Story of His Connection with the Cook County Boodlers and His Protestation of Innocence—His Bearing During Confinement in Joliet Prison—Death at New York of Mrs. August Belmont, Widow of the Famous Financier.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—Captain Richard S. McClaughry, a man widely known for his strong but unpolished character and the varied incidents of his long career, died suddenly, presumably of heart disease, Sunday morning at the home of his son-in-law, John F. Taylor, 6637 Halstead street, Englewood. He was 72 years of age, but his positiveness of character and military training gave him a bearing of many years younger, when he was not suffering from rheumatism. For nearly a score of years he was known among his farmer neighbors and friends as "Uncle Dick," but about five years ago, when he became a part of a notable chapter in the history of this city and county, he was christened "Farmer McClaughry," and as such he has ever since been known to the public. This chapter relates to the story and trial of the county commissioners, known as "the boodlers." He was one of the board. But many believed at the time of the sensation that he was innocent, and few believe now that he was guilty of any crime.

MR. M'CLAUGHRY.

Protested His Innocence.

In the celebrated trial he was a picturesque character and his course at the close showed that when he had made up his mind he would follow its promptings regardless of all consequences. After the "boodlers" were convicted they were sent to jail and a new trial asked for. Farmer McClaughry got wearied of the law's delay, and one week after the verdict of the jury was rendered he demanded that he be sentenced. He was taken into court and before sentence was pronounced delivered the following vigorous opinion:

"I insist, your honor, that the verdict in this case as far as I am concerned is a most infamous one, and there is no testimony against me except that of the self-confessed perjurers, Lynn and Bipper. I insist that I am guilty of no crime, and if the state of Illinois can stand the responsibility of sending a man of my years and respectability to the penitentiary upon the testimony of two such miserable wretches I can and will stand my part like a man. In asking that you pass sentence upon me I do not confess my guilt, but insist upon my absolute innocence. My request that you pass sentence without delay simply means that I a man too far advanced in years and too limited in means to bear the delay, annoyance and the expense incident to the efforts necessary to secure a new trial."

Taken to Joliet.

This was Aug. 11, 1887. Captain McClaughry came to the decision to demand his sentence in opposition to the advice of his counsel and despite the protests and pleadings of those who had been on trial with him. The next day he was taken to Joliet. On his way to the prison he was accompanied by a large number of his farmer and soldier friends, and one of the latter expressed his opinion in these words after bidding him good-by at the prison gates:

"I fought with him and I know the kind of stuff that's in him. He never said 'Go on!' to the boys in the army. No, sir, it was always 'Come on, boys!'"

Captain McClaughry served his term of twenty months, disdaining favors and enjoying himself in the occupation of attending to the cows of the state institution. Harry Varnell, who was afterwards sent to Joliet as one of those on trial with him, associated much with him then, and when he heard of his death Sunday night his eyes filled with tears.

"He was the bravest and truest man I ever met," he said. "He was never guilty of a dishonest act and the only one who ever charged him with crime was Bipper, the butcher. In prison he was often ill, but he never asked for rest in the hospital. He was not a patient man and never ceased denouncing his enemies."

MRS. AUGUST BELMONT.

The Widow of the Well-Known Financier Dies at New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Mrs. August Belmont, widow of the financier and turfman, died about half-past 4 Sunday afternoon at her home, 109 Fifth avenue. Her death had been momentarily looked for and when it came she was surrounded by her family. Mrs. Belmont had not been in good health since the tragic death of her youngest son, Raymond, on Jan. 31, 1887. Mrs. Belmont was the daughter of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry and a member of one of the old historical families of America. Her grandfather was Christopher Raymond Perry, who served in the navy during the revolutionary war.

Had Many Admirers.

Christopher Perry married in 1784 and the male members of his family have served in the navy with distinction. The two most notable were Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, who was Mrs. Belmont's uncle and Commodore Mathew Perry her father. When August Belmont met Miss Perry her father was commandant at the Brooklyn navy yard. Mr. Belmont was 35 years old and Miss Perry 18. She had many admirers, but she gave her hand to August Belmont, who was then but little known. She was a good conversationalist, a patron of art and a good musician. These qualities, together with the wealth of her husband, made her a leader in the world of fashion.

Death of a Wealthy Kansas City Man.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 21.—Sunday afternoon A. L. Mason, the millionaire capitalist and pioneer citizen of Kansas City, died from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy received at Chicago while attending the World's fair dedicatory exercises. Mr. Mason was the wealthiest man of Kansas City, and leaves a fortune approximating $1,500,000.

Actor Reed Dead.

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—Charley Reed, the actor, died Sunday night of heart disease at the United States hotel in this city. He opened in "Hoss and Hoss" at the Hollis Street theatre, Monday night, but he was only able to appear two nights.

GREAT STORM IN THE WEST.

Much Damage Caused by Floods in the State of Washington.

SEATTLE, Nov. 21.—Reports received from the districts visited by the recent storm show a far greater loss than was at first anticipated. At Sedro several lives are reported lost and fatalities are reported in Skagit and Stillaguamish valleys from the floods. Mount Vernon, Fir, Laconner, Hamilton, and other towns are under water four or more feet deep and people are removing their effects to higher ground, fearing a still greater rise. The Skagit river is so full of logs and drift that navigation is suspended. Nearly 1,000,000 feet of logs came down Sunday, tearing out the pier of the Wadon bridge at Mount Vernon, snapping the piles off like frail weeds. The banks of the river are lined with people watching the mad torrent.

Floors Covered with Water.

Several breaks have occurred in the levee and the valleys and towns are the scenes of desolation. The lower floors of the houses are covered with several feet of water, while the water in the streets is so high as to make pedestrianism almost impossible. In one place the break in the levee is half a mile long and six feet wide and the torrent is rushing madly through the town of Fir. Beaver Marsh and the town of Laconner are also flooded, and the farmers are driving their stock to high ground. The damage to the farming districts alone will reach hundred of thousands of dollars. The telegraph lines are prostrated in many sections, and when communication has been restored a fearful tale may be told. Railroad washouts are reported from many sections of the country. In many places big landslides have washed out the roadbed for miles. At Samish Lake and Ricksham several hundred feet of track have been washed out, and at the former place a bridge was carried away.

Railway Train Wrecked.

Sunday a Seattle and Northern train ran into a floating bridge in the Skagit valley and the engine and baggage car went into the river. The fireman was buried under the locomotive, and the engineer and baggageman only saved themselves by jumping and swimming ashore. Word from the town of Stanwood says that that place is flooded and that it was found necessary to abandon the lower floors of fluildings owing to the high waters. Communication with the other districts is cut off, except by steamer. The southwestern part of the state did not fare so badly as the northwestern, judging from the reports received from that section. Heavy rains have prevailed and the creeks and rivers are swollen beyond precedence, but no great damage beyond loss of logs and shingle booms have so far been reported.

Big Log Jam.

The railroads, however, suffered considerably by landslides and numerous bridges and considerable track have been washed away. The rain has ceased and the wind is more moderate, and it is now believed that the worst is over. Many here believe, or at least hope, that the reports from the flooded districts are somewhat exaggerated, as is usual in case of floods, but others think the worst is not yet known. The log jam at the Snohomish railway bridge has grown to half a mile in length and it begins to show sign of weakness. Should it give way the people in the bottom lands will perish.

His Reverence Badly Informed.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 21.—The monument of General Sherman, referred to by Rev. Father Sherman in his St. Louis speech, has been found about two miles from Westerly at the Chapman Granite works. The order was placed with them last December and the work continued smoothly until the lockout in May of this year, and when the men returned to work in September operations were resumed and the work was completed Tuesday last. After the monument has been inspected it will be shipped to its destination. The labor organizations did nothing outside of demanding more pay for their labor in detaining the monument from its rightful owners.

Left His wife to Burn Alive.

PATTERSON, N. J., Nov. 21.—Donald Campbell, a silk dyer empleyed in Banford Bros. threw a lighted lamp at his wife Saturday night. The lamp struck the woman in the back of the neck and set fire to her clothing. Campbell ran out of the house, but some passers-by heard the woman's cries and entered the house and put out the flame. Mrs. Campbell's hair was completely burned off, and her body was terribly scorched.

Salt Sheds Destroyed.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—Thirty sheds containing 220,000 barrels of salt belonging to the Michigan Salt company were destroyed by fire and water in Cummings Sunday night. Superintendent Haynes, the local manager, estimates the loss at $250,000. The sheds were located on the west bank of the Calumet river, between One Hundred and Second and One Hundred and Third streets.

Horrible to Contemplate.

ROCHESTER, Pa., Nov. 21.—About ten months ago a farm hand, Isaac Kennedy, on the Cennis farm, disappeared and was supposed to have been murdered. Lately several people on the Cennis farm have been made ill by drinking water from a well. The well Saturday was cleaned out, and at the bottom of it the body of Kennedy was found. The body was decomposed.

The Pontiac Is All Right.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 21. — The steel steamer Pontiac, which, it was feared, had been lost on Lake Superior during the recent heavy storm, is safe. A private dispatch has been received in this city from Captain Lowe, of the Pontiac. The steamer put into Grand Island harbor Thursday and has been waiting there for the gale to abate.

Wheelock to Succeed Raum.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Congressman H. H. Wheelock, of Michigan, chairman of the Raum investigating committee, will be pushed for appointment as commissioner of pensions. Judge Wheelock represents the Ninth congressional district of Michigan in the present congress, and has a good military record.

Mrs. August Belmont Passes Away.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Mrs. August Belmont, who had been critically ill for several weeks, died yesterday afternoon. She was the mother of three well-know men—Perry, August and Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont and Commodore Perry, of Lake Erie fame, was her uncle.

Tragedy at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 21.—William R. Binder, bookkeeper for the B. Leidersdorf Tobacco companyi shot himself, wife and 5-year-old daughter Monday morning. Binder and his wife are dead and the daughter cannot recover.

SWEPT BY A CYCLONE.

The Town of Redbud, Ills., the Scene of the Disaster.

CHURCHES AND HOUSES DEMOLISHED

The 11-Year-Old Son of Mrs. Jacob Koch Instantly Killed and the Mother Fatally Injured—The Storm Catches the People of the Town in Slumber—The Storm Also Felt in St. Louis, but No Serious Damage Results.

REDBUD, Ills., Nov. 18.—Where existed Wednesday night a beautiful little town full of happy homes is now a scene of wreck and desolation. Houses, barns, fences and orchards are leveled to the ground and spread over the surrounding country. At 3:30 Thursday morning a cyclone 200 yards across struck the town, entering from the south. It first demolished the Catholic church and school and and the residence of Herman Drage. The German Lutheran church was next leveled to the ground. After destroying several barns, bearing away all kind of fences, it next attacked the large two-story residence of Peter Kendall, which was of solid stone, and crumbled it to fragments.

Boy Instantly Killed.

Mrs. Kendall was severely injured. A large double brick house occupied by D. D. Perry as a dwelling, office and composing room of the Redbud Democrat, was entirely destroyed. The family were buried in the ruins but managed to extract themselves without serious injury. Peterson's agricultural warehouse was blown down and fourten other residences were destroyed. The 11-year-old son of Mrs. Jacob Koch was killed instantly and his mother was fatally injured. The others seriously injured are: Mrs. Peter Karden, Mrs. Louis Boger, Julius Hohn, Mr. Heitman, Adden Starr, Miss Emma Crow, Mrs. John Manderfelt, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Perry. Many of the people are without clothing and shelterless and the cold rain makes their situation the more deplorable. The property loss is estimated at $100,000.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

How the News of the Disaster Was Received at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 18.—It is now reported that there was one killed and four fatally wounded and eleven seriously injured and twenty-five houses totally destroyed by the cyclone at Redbud Thursday morning, but it is impossible to get all the names of the injured. The first report of the cyclone reached this city at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, as all telegraph wires into that town had been prostrated by the wind. The first report which reached here was to the effect that a great many people had been killed and the Mobile and Ohio railroad, upon which the town is situated, was besieged by anxious inquirers who have friends and relatives in that place. It is reported now that the town has been completely wiped out.

Wires in Bad Shape.

Redbud is a thriving town of 1,000 inhabitants, situated on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, about fifty miles south of this city. The storm which destroyed Redbud was felt in this city about 2 o'clock in the morning, but did no very serious damage here, although telegraph service was more or less badly demoralized. Neither the Western Union nor the Postal companies have any wires west of here, and are receiving business for Kansas City and points west subject to indefinite delay. Chief Operator Spencer of the Western Union says that in his twenty years' experience in this office he has never seen the wires in so bad a shape. The high wind was accompanied by a driving rain and peal after peal of thunder awoke the sleeping inhabitants.

HELD A LIVELY SESSION.

Animated Discussion at the Non-Partisan W. C. T. U. Convention.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 18.—Thursday's forenoon session of the Non-Partisan W. C. T. U. was a very lively one, some of the discussions becoming so warm that the ladies narrowly escaped passing the lie. A proposition to join with the General Women's Temperance council called forth some stirring speeches. Mrs. Mary J. Pechin of Philadelphia objected to such a proceding because she thought the ladies would "be in danger of contamination if they were thrown in contact with the infidels, Unitarians, Universalists and Roman Catholics, who make up the Temperance council."

Under False Colors.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster said she was ashamed of ladies who would make such speeches. It was finally decided to send delegates to the general council. A resolution to indorse the Keely cure was tabled. Mrs. Aldrich of Iowa raised a breeze by declaring that she was tired of sailing under false colors, which was being dane as long as the organization retained it's present name.

Jack the Horse Killer.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Nov. 16.—James McDonald Tuesday morning went to the barn to feed his team and found his two horses lying in their stalls dead. Their throats had been cut. The horse blankets had been stuffed into the windows. A note pinned to the inside of the barn door read as follows: "I set your barn afire Saturday, but I didn't mean to do it. I have killed your horses because there are too many horses around, and I must kill fifteen more before Saturday night." It is believed that the deed was done by a cunning madman. People in the neighborhood are thoroughly alarmed.

Mrs. Senator Colquitt Stricken.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 18.—The wife of Senator A. H. Colquitt was stricken with paralysis Wednesday night, and is in a dangerous condition. In July last, while making some social calls in Washington, Senator Colquitt was stricken with paralysis. He was brought to his home in Kirkwood, Ga., where he has lain ever since, with but little evidence of improvement. His wife has nursed him night and day, refusing to let any one take her place, even for rest. The great strain culminated in her prostration. Now both husband and wife are unable to help themselves.

Costly Blaze at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 18.—Fire started at 9 o'clock Thursday morning in the large establishment of the National Brewing company at Canton, Baltimore county. The entire building was soon in flames and the city fire department was called upon for aid. Three engines and a truck were sent. The loss will probably be $300,000. At noon the fire was under control.

OHIO IS REPUBLICAN.

The Democrats Sign the Disputed Election Certificates.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 18.—The Democratic members of the Fayette county board of elections have agreed to sign the election certificates over which there has been a dispute and at one time threatened to become serious. This settles the election in Ohio and insures the success of the Republican state ticket, with the exception of one elector.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The Annual Convention in Session at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 15.—The Leclede hotel is crowded to its utmost capacity with the Knights of Labor and their friends, who have come to attend the annual convention which commenced its labor's Tuesday morning. The only general officer absent is John H. Davis of Kansas, member of the executive board. Mr. Davis has just been elected to congress from the Fifth Kansas district and is tired out with the labors of the campaign. He will arrive after a few days' rest at his home.

TERRENCE V. POWDERLY.

A Talk with Powderly.

General Master Powderly arrived during the night. In a short interview directly after his arrival he stated that immigration would be the chief topic of discussion at the convention. Also that the reports circulated some months ago that he had declared for Harrison as against Cleveland were untrue. "I merely denounced Democratic principles," said he, "from the standpoint of the new People's party." He also expressed himself as very sanguine of the success of the People's party four years hence. The general impression among the delegates is that Grand Master Workman Powderly will be re-elected if he will permit it, along with all the other present grand officers. This assembly promises to exceed all previous ones in importance. The delegates expect to be in St. Louis twelve or fifteen days and will hold two meetings a day. Tuesday morning's session was called to order in Workmen's hall at 10 o'clock.

TOOK A BIG BOODLE.

But He Was Soon Caught and the Money Recovered.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—George T. Bagley, a United States express messenger on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, Friday morning at 3 o'clock took two packages containing $150,000 from his safe, left the train at Davenport and buried the treasure, but in less than eight hours he was under arrest and the money had been recovered. When Bagley left the car he told the baggageman that he was going to step off the train a moment to arrange for sending some potatoes from the depot to his family in Davenport. His absence from his post was at once reported to the express company's officials in this city and the facts placed in the hands of the city detective bureau.

Bagley Captured.

Officers Plunkett and Weaver were hurriedly detailed on the case. They learned that Bagley had a female friend at 3110 Michigan avenue in the person of a Mrs. Miller, a dressmaker, and without further ado the detectives posted themselves in the house to await the messenger's coming. When Bagley arrived he was placed under arrest and taken to police headquarters, where he encountered Mr. Wygett, the express company's general agent. After considerable talk he admitted that the money could be found at Geneseo, about a half hour's run from Davenport. Accompanied by Bagley, Detective Weaver and the company's representatives boarded a train, and when Geneseo was reached the money was quickly found.

Yale Defeats Harvard.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 21.—A more perfect day for foot ball could scarcely be hoped for. From 12 o'clock until 1:30 a stream of humanity poured into the Hampden park enclosure, rapidly filling the seats on all sides of the field. Governor Russell and several members of his staff occupied seats in a conspicuous place on the Harvard side. The teams came on the field together at 1:55 and no time was lost in getting down to business. The game resulted, Yale 6, Harvard 0.

Shooting Scrape at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—A double shooting occurred in the levee district which may result fatally for one of the injured. Charles Brown, living at 472 State street, shot his wife, slightly injuring her, and then put a bullet into John Leavitt, inflicting a wound which it is thought may prove fatal. She shooting was the result of a quarrel between Brown and Leavitt, in which the former claims his wife took the part of Leavitt.

General Rosecran's Condition.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—General Rosecrans, register of the treasury, was removed to Fortress Monroe, Va., Friday evening in the hope that the change will remove the present danger in his case of paralysis. He has already lost the use of his hands and is almost completely helpless. He is 73 years old and his friends are very much alarmed at his condition.

Disastrous Cyclone in Arkansas.

EUREKA SPRINGS, Nov. 21. — News reached here that a full grown cyclone struck Harrison, near here, killing five residents of that place and wounding many others. A large number of houses were blown down and considerable stock killed and carried off. Two small children were carried quite a distance by the wind, but escaped unhurt.

Fire at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 18.—The establishment of the Koch & Loeber company, jobbers in willowware and paper, was destroyed by fire Wednesday night. The loss on the stock will probably reach $100,000 and on the building $10,000. Fully covered by insurance.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Mrs. Mary Morris of Kokomo, Ind., aged 70 years, was burned to death while lying in bed. She was smoking a pipe, and it is supposed the bedclothing was ignited from sparks that fell from the pipe.

Emperor William, in gratitude to Providence for vouchsafing him a daughter, has pardoned a number of women who were in jail for various crimes.

John Rinehart of Mitchell, Ind., accidentally killed himself with a shotgun while out hunting.

Captain S. H. Heusey, after a year's service on the Portsmouth, has been compelled to resign from the navy on account of repeated and unconquereable, seasickness.

James Stephens, the former Fenian head center, is at present living with his wife in a cottage at a seaside resort near Dublin, which, with a small income, was presented to him about a year ago by his friends and admirers. He is now 68 years of age.

An action to debar ex-District Attorney W. F. Riggs, formerly of Red Jacket, Mich., has been commenced at Houghton, Mich., on the ground of alleged corruption while in office. Riggs was allowed ten days to plead.

At Brussels a few days ago Mlle. Marguerite Gombart was awarded her degree as doctor of philosophy and letters amid great applause. Mlle. Gombart is the first young girl who has obtained this degree.

Emperor Francis Joseph has intusted the formation of a new Hungarian cabinet to Dr. Alexander Werkele, minister of finance in Count Szparay's ministry.

A dispatch from St. Johns, N. F., states that as a result of the gale of Oct. 19 ten vessels were lost or missing, and twenty-two lives are known to have been lost.

Jim Corbett's father is in New York trying to secure a promise from his son never to fight again. He will not succeed.

The business portion of Camden, Me., has been destroyed by fire. Loss is estimated $750,000, insurance $500,000. Many people had narrow escapes from death and others are rendered destitute by the fire.

* * *

Mrs. McKee will remain at the White House, presiding in her mother's stead.

The Hon. A. S. Merrian, chief justice of the supreme court of North Carolina, is lying unconscius at his home in Raleigh and is not expected to live. He is suffering from diabetes.

William Williams, a Sugartown, Pa., farmer, bet $300 on Harrison and of course lost it. He had borrowed the cash and his inability to repay it so preyed upon his mind that he shot himself.

Cancer has been discovered in American brook trout in a pond in New England.

The Brussels Official Gazette announces that on the initiative of France it has been decided to hold, prior to the assembling of the international monetary conference, a preliminary meeting of the delegates of the conference of the countries forming the Latin union.

It is stated at San Durango, Mexico, that C. P. Huntington will establish a large silver smelting works there.

Six comets are now visible in the heavens.

Mexico's corn and bean crop will be exceedingly bountiful this year.

William Anderson was killed at Washburne, Ills., Friday by a tree falling upon him.

Frank Ward, 20 years old, was caught in a revolving shaft at the Red Jacket mine in Houghton, Mich., and killed.

Burglars robbed the safe of D. Warner & Sons' implement warehouse at South Bend, Ind., of notes for $1,300 made payable to the Milwaukee Harvesting company.

Edward Beggs of Almont, Wis., was thrown from his wagon and killed at Plover, Wis.

John A Benson, ex-Surveyor general of California, has been acquitted of 2,000 charges of fraudulent surveys and entries of government land.

John Irvin was fatally wounded by a premature explosion of a cannon at a Democratic celebration at Rosehill, Ills.

A receiver has been asked for the Ohio Farmers' Insurance company at Columbus. The company lost $60,000 by the Milwaukee fire.

Sherman Sluth, a plumber of Charleston, Ills., disappeared election day. Foul play is feared.

The auditor of public accounts of Illinois has licensed the London Guarantee and Accident company (limited) of London, England, to do an accident and employers' liability insurance business in the state.

Thomas Oliver, a showman well known throughout the northwest, visited Minneapolis last Tuesday and was last seen that night talking to an unknown person. Oliver had been in receipt of a threatening letter from a person who signed his name Kennedy.

Forty Rockford, Ills., druggists have been arrested for selling a malt tonic without a license.

* * *

Max Newman, a non-unionist mill hand at Homestead, shot and almost instantly killed a fellow-workman in the bunk house of the Carnegie steel works because he thought his victim was a striker attacking him in bed.

There is scarcely another woman in America who has been so long before the public and who is so little known as Mrs. Lucy Stone, the champion of equality for women. She is now 80 years of age, and is younger in appearance than many women at 60.

Three hundred and twenty-eight thousand divorces have been granted by the courts of this country during the past twenty years, 60 per cent. of them to women.

Knox county, Me., has a new postoffice named Turkey. There are already offices named Norway, Sweden, Mexico and Peru in the same state.

Bishop Doane, who always registers as William of Albany and has his baggage so marked, is one of the few bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church who follow the English fashion of wearing knickerbockers and an apron.

Rev. Walter S. Rudolph, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church in Denver, has severed his church relations because he cannot consistently preach the doctrine of endless punishment.

The national debts of Europe amount to a total which is equivalent to $55 for each inhabitant of the continent.

Mrs. Jacob Kesse locked her three children in her house at Oshkosh, Wis. They played with matches, the house burned and one child is dead.

August C. Smith, an Indianapolis merchant tailor, has assigned. He makes preferred creditors to the amount of $7,500. Assets are given at $15,000 and liabilities at $20,000.

G. J. Durr, surrendered to the sheriff at Guthrie, O. T., because he had killed S. H. Foss a cattleman.

Nineteen New York babies were named after Columbus during the week following the dedication.

Nearly 40,000 people pay a guinea a year for the prjvilege of displaying their crests on their stationery and plate.

Dennis Brothers, Chambersburg, Ill., grain dealers, have assigned. Liabilities, $6,000; assets, $4,000.

Fleming Riggs and Mahala Priddy eloped from Mumfordsville, Ky., and were married at Jeffersonville, Ind. The groom is 78 and the bride 16.

* * *

The Southern Wholesale Druggists' association has been organized at New Orleans.

The New York Mail and Express prints a Scriptural quotation every evening. One day last week it was: "A man shall be commended according to his wisdom." The editor, Colonel Shepard, predicted a sweeping victory for Harrison.

Dr. J. M. Rice claims in The Forum to have heard such expressions as "ain't got no" and "he done it" used by teachers in Buffalo public schools.

Governor McKinley emphatically denies the story that he will resign on Jan. 1 and practice law in Pittsburg.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached a sermon recently in which he attacked the old superstition concerning Friday. This caused the Thirteen club of New York to elect him an honorary member.

William Jones, whose home is said to be at Fort Wayne, Ind., was killed at North Washington, O., by G. W. Brunsworth, whose store he was trying to enter.

Harry McCormick, son of R. H. McCormick of Columbus, Ind., accidentally shot Homer Morgeson. The latter's leg had to be amputated.

At the convention of the Illinois Salvation Army societies at Decatur a child of one of the women was publicly given away for adoption.

Ex-Mayor Edwin H. Fitler of Philadelphia declines to accept a re-election as president of the Union League club of that city.

Caldwell borough, near Montclair, N. J., the birthplace of Mr. Cleveland, which usually gives a Republican majority, gave the ex-president 26 majority in a total poll of 200 votes.

Miss Kate Marsden is coming from England to the United States on a lecturing tour. Her object is to raise funds for the establishment and endowment of two leper colonies in Siberia.

* * *

During the Democratic celebration at Decatur, Ala., a skyrocket exploded prematurely and struck Miss Jones, a young lady, in the eye, causing instant death.

George S. Bliss has recovered $20,000 damages from the city of Racine, Wis., for a broken leg.

"Al" Smith won $22,400—$20,000 of it at one sitting—at faro bank in New York this week.

The late Duke of Marlborough was insured for about $1,500,000, and, allowing for the policies in the hands of the money lenders, it is supposed that there will be a million or so reserved for the duchess.

Most papers in Germany are owned and edited by Hebrews.

The St. Louis new water tower is said to be the highest in the world.

The auditor of public accounts at Springfield, Ills., has issued a permit to Selon Knight, John H. Shaffer, August D. Ehrich, Lawrence Babst and H. M. Stone to organize the Kankakee County Savings bank, at Kankakee, with a capital stock of $50,000.

Henry Lathe, skiptender at the Queen mine, Ispeming, Mich., had his head literally torn from his body. He rang the bell and attempted to get on the skip, but fell.

Judge Solders of Cleveland, O., declares that the law allowing the county auditors 4 per cent. for putting taxes on the duplicate list, if he decides they shall go on, tends to dishonesty.

At Griffin, Ga., Wednesday, L. J. Baird, chief engineer of the waterworks, was shot and killed by Assistant Engineer Joseph Hattaway.

During a quarrel over a pair of blankets at Gillett, Wis., Robert Martin shot and fatally wounded Richard Kingston.

An inmate of an American convent has recently died after being there ninety-years without once going outside the convent walls. Her recorded age was 118 years.

The saloons of London if set side by side would make a distance of seventy-five miles.

Mayne Rall was sentenced at Madison, Ind., to ten years in prison for assaulting an 8-year-old girl.

Hot water fountains have been placed in the different wards of Paris.

* * *

The Atlanta chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has forwarded to Mrs. Cleveland an invitation to become a member of their chapter. The members are the most prominent ladies in Atlanta and Georgia.

The Wabash Valley Coal company at Lyford, Ind., has completed a second shaft at a cost of $25,000.

The public schools at Roodhouse, Ills., have been closed because of the prevalence of diphtheria in the town.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will give me their Express and P. O. address.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Joseph Murphy.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.- Zola's Dixey in "Mr. Dobbs of Chicago."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Joseph Jefferson.

THE SCHILLER.
Randolph street, between Clark and Dearborn—Chas. Frohman's Comedians.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Texas Steer."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Junior Partner."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Bobby Gaylor.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE CITIZEN'S CHRISTMAS DRESS.

THE CITIZEN will celebrate Christmas week this year by appearing in a new dress. The management has contracted for new, clear and bold type, which will set off the pages of this paper to advantage and give full satisfaction to readers and advertisers. A great many short-sighted business men have evolved a prejudice against advertising in weekly papers. This is a great economic mistake, because, while the daily paper is generally glanced at and thrown aside, the weekly journal, particularly of THE CITIZEN class, is carefully preserved. No merchant that advertises in THE CITIZEN ever fails to make money on his investment. It reaches a class of intelligent, independent people who dress well, live well and believe in all the comforts of an advanced civilization. It has held the field, in spite of all competition, during nearly eleven years—the only Irish-American paper, secular in principle but friendly and faithful to Catholic interests, which has been an unqualified success west of the city of New York.

The subscribers of THE CITIZEN are made up of people of all parties and creeds and races, Irish Americans, of course, preponderating. It has lost few, if any, non-Irish subscribers during its career, because it has been true to the principles of human liberty, and asks nothing for Ireland or the Irish that it is not willing to advocate for all other branches of the great human family. It has never lowered the flag of Irish nationality, no matter what siren songs have been sung by English "spell-binders," and it believes now as firmly as in the days of its foundation, "With Malice Toward None and Charity for All," that Ireland has a right to separate existence as a nation, and that, if her right cannot be achieved by "moral suasion," it must be achieved by any other kind of recognized stalwart "suasion" that may have effect upon the callous mind of her brutal and unprincipled persecutor. An ancient nation must not be permitted to perish off the face of the earth while fifteen millions of the bone of her bone, and the flesh of her flesh, are free and potent in this great land, not to speak of other friendly countries.

All Irish-Americans who believe in the old, immortal principle of Irish nationhood—not in puerile remedies for an intolerable foreign usurpation—should subscribe for THE CITIZEN. On and after Saturday, Dec. 24, THE CITIZEN, as we have said, will present its views to its readers, dressed in type so bold and clear, that, as John Harcock said of his signature to the Declaration of Independence, John Bull can read it across the water.

ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN IRELAND.

Can England afford to let Ireland go free? This was a question asked and answered in the negative by the late John Mitchel in the Year of Grace 1860. Mr. Mitchel, in that year, wrote his celebrated satire, by some considered superior to anything written by Swift in the political line, "An Apology for the British Government in Ireland." In the course of his brilliant pamphlet, Mr. Mitchel says:

"As to the value of this same British Empire, and the virtue of its influence on human affairs, there are two opinions. Some do hold that it is a great and beneficent power, an example and a bulwark of liberty, a great providential agency for humanizing and civilizing mankind, or, as Lord Brougham says, a beacon to guide the nations through their darkness to a brilliant future. Others, on the contrary, pretend that it is a vast organized imposture; a machine for exploiting nations; an unmixed and unredeemed mischief, whose fruits are torture in India, opium in China, famine in Ireland, pauperism in England, disturbance and disorder in Europe and robbery everywhere. Between the two opposite appreciations I do not mean to pronounce, but, assuming the first opinion to be true, and that the aforesaid empire is indeed a precious possession for the world, then I hold and mean to prove that Ireland is well governed. Every logical mind will assent to the proposition that omelettes cannot continue to be manufactured without the constant breaking of eggs. No more can the British empire stand or go without famine in Ireland, opium in China, torture in India, pauperism in England, and all the rest of the apparatus. You cannot have a British empire and repudiate the conditions *sine qua non*. There stands your British empire, and here is what it costs. Every one can determine at his leisure whether it be worth the price, but with that question I do not at present meddle.

"Let the reader try and imagine himself in the position of one of the advisers of Queen Victoria; let him take that point of view; let him fancy himself entrusted by his sovereign with a seat in the Councils of the Empire. Surely he will not sit there to undermine and destroy, but to preserve, strengthen extend and make it triumphant. Such being the case, I mean to show, so far as Ireland alone is concerned—premitting all consideration of India, China, European disorders and British pauperism—that

"It is the duty of British statesmen to take such methods as shall insure periodical famines in Ireland.

"It is their duty, when those famines come, to increase and cherish them, and protect their operation to the utmost possible extent.

* * * * * *

"It is their duty to pack juries. It is their duty to prevent the Irish people from possessing arms, or knowing how to use such instruments, and accordingly when the "United Kingdom" is in danger of foreign invasion, it is their duty to prevent the Irish people from forming volunteer rifle companies.

"It is their duty, also, to stop, open and copy, in the post office, the letters of suspected persons.

"It is their solemn duty, and must be their especial care, to contradict flatly everything that an Irishman shall say about his own country, unless it be a falsehood, in which case they are to let it pass.

"These duties are incumbent upon British ministers, and we all know that England expects every man to *do* his duty. If any one can point out wherein they have materially failed to do it in every one of these departments, then let us admit they are blameable to that extent; but the purpose of my present writing is to demonstrate that, taking into account the limited scope of human faculties, it may be pronounced impossible to labor more zealously and effectually in all these several departments than each successive English ministry has done. For whatever have been their differences as Whig or Tory, about Corn Laws, tariffs or foreign policy, they are all, at least, unanimous upon this matter. They might take up the exclamation of Luther before the Diet and cry, 'God help me! I can do no other.' Seriously and earnestly I wish that the Irish would cease blaming and abusing these men, and desist altogether from entreating them to act otherwise than they do. It cannot be; these men have an omelette to make and must break the eggs—an eel pie and must skin the eels."

Last Friday night, in Milwaukee, the editor of THE CITIZEN lectured on "The Heroic in Irish History," before a cultured audience, under the auspices of a Catholic Literary Society. The object was, and is, to teach Irish Americans to be proud of their fathers' country and history, and to get over the idea, unfortunately prevalent among many of them, that their origin is something to be ashamed of and to conceal—a result almost exclusively of the damnable British system of education in Ireland. And British educational influence is at work, even now, upon our splendid American school system; because some silly, weak minded creatures, of both sexes, principals and teachers in our public schools, are attempting to alter the American style of pronunciation, and substitute *glawss* and *pawss* and *clawss* for glass and pass and class—not to mention the name of an animal with ears of a length that would qualify him to be a school principal or teacher of the variety referred to. Such affected fools ought to be sent about their business. They ought to go and mouth their idiocies in England. We don't need them here. Dealing with the Anglic-Irish "brawnch" of the educational subject, Mr. Mitchel says:

"After the achievement of the 'glorious revolution,' under King William, which delivered us from brass money and wooden shoes—many of us from all money and shoes—among the judicious laws which were made to keep down the Catholic Irish was one which prohibited, under heavy penalties, Catholic children to be educated save by Protestant teachers; the law imposed still heavier penalties on those Catholic parents who should send their children abroad for education. Gradually, however, owing to the spirit of the age, helped by French and American victories, these penal laws were repealed, and the Catholics might educate their children as they plessed. Herein was a true difficulty and danger (to England); for the Irish youth have always had a marvelous appetite for education, and the problem was to supply them wholesome food. If they should learn to read in their schools any true account of the history of their own country, it would reveal to them how their ancestors were tortured, slain and plundered to the profit of Englishmen; it would teach them also (a most pernicious knowledge) that the Irish Clans whose princely names they, the little students, bore had, on many a proud field, routed English armies and trampled into Irish earth the banner of St. George; it would have given them for household words such names as Benburb, Clontibret and the Yellow Ford; it would have make young faces flush hot with a dangerous passion, mingled of pride and shame, to think of what their country was, what it is, and God of heaven! what it might be—plainly such a history was not expedient to be taught."

According to American authorities, Hon. James G. Blaine, and Mr. Edward Atkinson, Ireland and Egypt are the two most fertile, food producing countries in the world, for their extent, and yet both, as Mr. Atkinson has remarked in an able article published some time ago in the *Century Magazine*, suffer more than any other countries known to statisticians from periodical famines. The reason is obvious. Ireland has been, for at least two hundred years, plundered by the Englishman, and Egypt has, for generations, been the victim of the Turk, who is now assisted in his work of robbery by the greedy Briton. Notwithstanding Gladstone's former promises, the English will not evacuate Egypt any more than Ireland. The plunder is too rich to be surrended without a bloody struggle. The English Whig, in power, is quite as ravenous, but not quite as honest, as the British Tory.

IRELAND AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. Peter White, the distinguished Irish industrialist, is in the city, actively engaged in preparing the Irish exhibit for the World's Fair. Mr. White is a progressive, able man, and seems to have "caught on" to American business methods without any trouble. His desire is to present to the American people the Ireland of the past, and the Ireland of today, in the shape of object lessons, and to give due prominence to every branch of Irish industry. Unfortunately not many branches of importance survive, but enough remain to show what Ireland could be, in the industrial field, if she had a fostering native government. The restrictive policy of England during centuries of misrule, and particularly the destruction of the Irish protective laws under the sixth article of the Treaty, so-called, of the Union, beggared her manufacturers and drove the great mass of her capital out of the country. She now "enjoys" reciprocal free trade with England, and, as a consequence, the richer country floods the poorer with her woollens, and other fabrics, which she can afford to sell at a cheaper rate, so as to hold the market. The soil and climate of England are unfavorable to the growth of flax, and, therefore, the linen trade is prosperous, in a comparative sense. The enterprise of Belfast has also rendered ship building successful in that great city which, because of the prosperity of the linen trade, accumulated capital sufficient to compete with the British shipbuilders. Besides, it had better be confessed, the habit of freedom, of ascendancy, so long possessed by the Irish Protestants, made them naturally more acquainted with business methods than their less fortunate Catholic fellow countrymen, who were restricted, by "law," in religion, education and commerce with a fiendish persistency. Irish whiskies, ales and porters also flourish because they pay large revenues to the British government, but any other Irish industries that survive, live in spite of English connection, not because of it. It may also be stated here that many British manufacturers are so greedy and unprincipled that they forge the name of Irish goods to many of their inferior wares, notably Kilkenny blankets, Balbriggan hosiery and Limerick lace, spurious imitations of which are produced in Manchester, Macclesfield, Nottingham and other centres of English commercial enterprise. We suppose that, under the projected free trade policy of the party elect, the English will have a chance to work off some of their fraudulent wares upon ourselves. There is nothing too hot, or too heavy, for the English to carry in the line of fraudulent goods, and to impose upon the unwary. It is pleasant to have to relate that, notwithstanding frantic efforts on the part of the British to imitate Irish frieze and Blarney tweeds they have been unable to succeed, and these goods still "hold the field" in Ireland and elsewhere. Genuine Irish frieze and Blarney tweeds would have an immense sale at the World's Fair.

AN ASSASSIN LANDLORD.

A typical Irish landlord brute and scoundrel, if judged by the sentiments he has publicly expressed, is one Col. Dopping, of Granard, county Longford, Ireland. At a meeting of the poor-law guardians of that town, held last week, a resolution was proposed, and, after angry discussion, in which Dopping bore a chief part, adopted calling upon the landlords, in view of bad crops and low prices, to reduce the rents of their tenants. Col. Dopping said he did not care what condition the tenants were in, the rents must be paid. If there was any starving to be done, he did not intend that the landlords should do it.

Chairman Masterson said that there was no fear of the landlords starving. Mr. Reilly addressed the Colonel, saying: "I hope that what I have heard today is untrue—that you are going to evict a number of your tenants at this inclement season." Col. Dopping said that the report was perfectly true. "They must pay or go. I have been abused for putting the tenants to the expense of going to Dublin to have cases tried," he continued, "instead of bringing proceedings in the county court. Now"—and he pounded the table with his fist—"I will never bring a case before the county court again. I have been insulted and blackguarded there by the practicing attorneys, with full consent of the presiding judge."

Col. Dopping was, no doubt, pot valiant, as Irish Tories are often apt to be, when he delivered himself of the foregoing tirade. Well, the people of Longford are a quiet, God fearing people—too quiet and God fearing, indeed, to deal properly with bullies, blackguards and privileged house breakers like Col. Dopping. His disease would have been formerly abated by a dose of Tipperary pills. But, alas! medical practitioners who dealt in such remedies are about extinct in Ireland. Col. Dopping ought to study the poetry of his fellow subject, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, especially that verse in the Irish Rapparees—which says,

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard
He "racked" us long and sore,
God bless the faithful hearts he broke,
We'll never see them more!
But I'll be bail he'll "rack" no more,
While Truagh has gallows-trees;
For why? He met one lonely night
The fearless Rapparees,
The rovin' Rapparees!
They never sin no more, my boys,
Who cross the Rapparees!

THE ARCHBISHOPS' CONFERENCE.

It would appear from the accounts in the daily papers that at the recent conference of the Catholic archbishops of the United States a conservative stand was taken in regard to the question of Catholic education and the public schools—in other words that the position of Archbishop Ireland was sustained. In the absence of an official statement from the most reverend members of the conference themselves, THE CITIZEN refrains from comment. When the decision of the archbishops is made manifest through an authenticated pronouncement it will be time enough to discuss the matter.

AN ENGLISH FRIEND OF IRISH INDUSTRIES.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, an English lady who has, for more than ten years, taken a deep interest in Irish industrial matters, and more particularly in the Gweedore district of the county Donegal, lectured at All Souls Church, on Oakwood boulevard, last Tuesday evening, before a large audience, composed almost exclusively of Anglo-Americans. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Jenkyn Lloyd Jones, invited John F. Finerty to preside and to introduce the fair lecturer. Mrs. Hart's subject was "A Homely Solution of the Irish Question," and she illustrated her discourse by stereopticon pictures, which greatly added to the value of her remarks. Mrs. Hart has a thorough knowledge of her subject, and she displayed an intense and practical earnestness in her work which made a deep impression on her hearers. Her discovery of the condition of the Donegal people was mainly accidental, and, having beheld it, she reluctantly confessed that, for the first time in her life, she was ashamed to be an Englishwoman. Her description of the readiness with which Irish peasant boys and girls, many of them unable to speak English, acquired the art of lace making, cloth weaving and wood-carving elicited frequent applause. She exhibited numerous specimens of Irish fabrics, manufactured by native hands exclusively, by way of bearing out the absolute accuracy of her statements. A letter, dated Nov. 6, 1892, from the Most Rev. Archbishop Logue, Catholic Primate of all Ireland, addressed to Mrs. Hart, was read, and it contained the following acknowledgment of her services to the poor people of Donegal:

"I can testify," wrote the Primate, "of my own knowledge, that by your energy, skill and wonderful talent for organization you have brought self reliance, hope and comparative comfort to many a poor homestead in the congested districts of Donegal, where, without your self sacrificing devotion, the outlook would have been black indeed. When you commenced the work of establishing cottage industries I found it hard to believe that a frail and delicate lady, as you then were, could ever accomplish the task which you proposed to yourself; but I found by experience that your energy and perseverance were able to overcome obstacles which I feared were insurmountable. The success you have achieved in directing the work of the people, training them to skilled labor and thus furnishing them with the means of living is, I may say again, the best claim you can have to the aid of all who can further your work. I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to this success, and you are quite welcome to use my testimony for what it is worth in furthering your benevolent efforts."

THE CITIZEN has only one criticism to make in regard to Mrs. Hart's lecture. Inadvertently, no doubt, she forgot to mention that the section of the North-western coast of Ireland with which she dealt, is, perhaps, the region least favored by nature in an island of wondrous fertility. Anglo-Americans, who have paid but passing attention to Irish matters, might erroneously infer from her discourse that the whole of the beautiful, but unfortunate, country is made up of bog and mountain, rock and shale. The people of whom she spoke are the feeble remnant of the gallant old Irish Clans, whose forefathers fought bravely, but in vain, against the mercenaries of Elizabeth, Cromwell and William, and the still more fatal planters, or supplanters, of James I. All the fertile lands of Ulster are in the hands of the offspring of the conquerors, or in those of the descendants of such Irish princes and chiefs as accommodated their pliant consciences to the new order of things, forsaking even their ancient faith to secure, as landlords, the tribe lands they held in trust as chiefs. This accounts for the extreme poverty of the Donegal people of the sea coast districts, placed between the devils of foreign usurpation and Irish landlordism and the ocean depths of the wild Atlantic.

Mrs. Hart's philanthropic efforts have, no doubt, mitigated the hardships of the people of Gweedore, but the surface only of the social cancer has been cauterized by her worthy efforts. The roots of the disease are deep in the bosom of the Irish soil, and heroic efforts alone can destroy them. A country that exported $85,000,000 worth of produce to England in the worst of her "famine" years, is too rich by nature's gift to need extraneous aid if she were justly dealt by. Most of the money raised by Ireland's enormous food export went to pay the felonious rents of greedy non resident, in fact alien, landlords, and into the same insatiable rat hole the wealth of plundered Ireland is still poured unceasingly. There is but one effective way by which to revive Irish industries, and that is by restoring the legislative independence of the country, abolishing the landlord system and giving assurance to Irish capital that native laws will protect its interests against the incursions of foreign producers and manufacturers.

ENGLISH FINANCE AND HOME RULE.

An apparently well informed correspondent of the associated press, telegraphing from London, under date of Nov. 18, says:

"The complacency with which the Cabinet passed the clauses of the Home Rule bill dealing with political changes in Ireland has broken down on facing the financial question. Mr. Gladstone displayed his accustomed tact by withholding the fiscal proposals until this week. The first the members of the Cabinet heard of them was on Tuesday, when probably a majority of the Ministers for the first time realized that the financial problem was likely to prove a crucial difficulty.

"Mr. Gladstone himself has not ventured to present a definite or detailed solution of the question, postponing, with the assent of his colleagues, the clauses relating to finance until the Cabinet resumes its sittings in January. In the meantime the Minister most perplexed over the question is Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Under Mr. Gladstone's scheme the cost of administration in Ireland is estimated at an amount which reaches nearly the whole of the present revenue of about £7,000,000. Of this sum £4,500,000 are now expended locally, while £3,500,000 is the amount of Ireland's contribution for imperial purposes.

"In preparing the coming budget Sir William Vernon Harcourt has to encounter a notable deficit in the imperial revenue. If to this deficit the loss of the Irish contribution be added it must involve a recourse to increased burdens upon the British taxpayers. The prospect causes dismay among the Ministerialists, who know the situation and fear a decisive revolt in their own ranks if they are forced to propose further taxation in order to relieve the new Irish administration. Sir William Vernon Harcourt has been in consultation with Mr. Welby, Permanent Chief of the Treasury, on the dilemma.

"An official authority declares that a revised calculation presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Irish contributions under Home Rule would make the amount £1,500,000. This amount, combined with the decreasing revenue in the United Kingdom, will greatly weaken the chances of Liberal acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's project."

If THE CITIZEN may be permitted to make a suggestion to Mr. Gladstone it would advise him to incorporate in his Home Rule bill the dismissal of the 13,000 able bodied drones, known as the Royal Irish Constabulary; to send back to England the whole of the English regular army; to abolish Dublin Castle and its army of taxeaters, and, in short, to commit the defense of Ireland to the Irish nation itself. Ireland successfully protected itself against all kinds of foreign aggression in 1782, and it is able to do so again. Moreover, THE CITIZEN would suggest to Mr. Gladstone that the carpetbag English hangman, who is paid £10 a job, might be dispensed with, once Ireland is free from English interference, and there would also be a large saving in dispensing with the services of detectives, spies and informers, who follow English government in Ireland with the same keen instinct that sharks follow plague stricken ships in quest of corpses thrown overboard.

These suggestions are given in perfect good nature, with the hope of helping poor old Mr. Gladstone out of a dilemma. His precious lieutenants Harcourt, Mundella & Co., are only too glad to find an excuse for shelving Home Rule. In fact, they consider it something worse than a white elephant, and all John Bulldom, except the Tory section, is loudly bellowing for "reform." Next January or February, at farthest, will demonstrate whether the English Whigs have advanced in honesty, or whether they are still the "base, bloody and brutal" faction O'Connell called them in a moment of radical forgetfulness, when the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was uppermost on his eloquent tongue. Eliminate Gladstone and Morley from the Liberal Cabinet and what has Ireland left to base her future hope upon? Certainly not on the men who insist that no amnesty shall be granted to American Irishmen imprisoned by English police conspiracy for crimes of which they had no knowledge. Gladstone cannot live forever. After him, with Home Rule still unsettled, what is the programme? The Irish cause would, indeed, be contemptible if all its hopes were concentered in a man who, according to biblical allotment, ought to have been in heaven for the last thirteen years.

PROF. MAURICE CREAN, P.M.

The Chicago *Evening Post*, in a recent issue, gave Prof. Maurice Crean a deserved compliment for his great and unselfish exertions in behalf of the Gaelic language in this city. Mr. Crean is a native of Kerry, and the accents of his tongue are as mellifluous as the echoes of the Gap of Dunloe. He speaks Greek, Latin, Irish and Hebrew with equal facility, but he says Irish is the parent of all of them. Any man who learns Irish can read, and understand, without much trouble, all the other tongues. Mr. Crean is six feet three inches in height, broad shouldered, and of handsome countenance. When clean shaven he has quite a martial aspect, but, at present, he is growing a crop of whiskers that resembles a healthy growth of heather on the summit of Mangerton. Originally a Blaine man, Mr. Crean like Gresham, McVeagh, and other eminent statesmen, fell from grace this fall and supported the Democratic party. It is rumored that he is a candidate for the office of postmaster. Well, everything considered, THE CITIZEN would feel quite serene in the hands of Mr. Crean, but, notwithstanding his services to the Democracy, we would warn him not to put his faith in princes, nor in, stu——well, in fat prophets.

OUR IRISH LITERATURE OF THE FUTURE.

For some months past, as our readers are aware, Gavan Duffy and other well known public men have been organizing a movement for the revival of Irish literature. The preparatory efforts of these gentlemen have been attended with an encouraging amount of success. Despite the fact that they inaugurated this particular project at a time when Nationalists were—as they still are, unfortunately—divided into opposing battalions, Duffy and his colaborers worked with such zeal, tact and discretion that the future of the Irish literary *renaissance* is now more than assured.

THE CITIZEN welcomes this awakening of the Irish mind, inasmuch as it augurs well for the cause of Irish nationality. Ignorance has at all times, and in all places, been the readiest and most effective instrument in the hands of tyrants for the oppression and subjugation of a people. By starving the intelligence of their victims, they hold their bodies all the more securely captive. The English government carried out this principle of conduct in Ireland with fiendish and telling ingenuity for many generations. Throughout the Penal Days a price was set on the teacher's head. The schoolmaster was then verily and literally "abroad"—"abroad" beside the whitethorn hedges; in the sombre caves under the cliffs that lift their rugged summits high over the foam crested Atlantic; in the depths of mountainous ravines; in the welcome shade of forests—everywhere, anywhere outside the reach of the myrmidons of the "law" who had made it treason for Irishmen to teach and a felony to learn! Owing to the progress of civilization, however, and to the growing powers of the Irish people themselves, that state of things could not long continue. The schoolmaster could now teach the parish youth with impunity. The schoolhouses were replacing the hedge-schools. The Irish race at home were evidently resolved that the light should spread—no matter what their rulers might do or say to the contrary notwithstanding.

Convinced as they were that they could not arrest this onward march to knowl-

edge, the authorities of Dublin Castle determined on using it for their own ends by starting schools where Irish boys were trained to ignore the history of their own country, to bless "our glorious queen," and to otherwise denationalize themselves socially, morally, and politically. This so called "national" system of education turned out a host of miserable Irish flunkeys—hybrid West-Britons who were ashamed of the land that bore them, and knew no glory half as delicious as that of palming themselves off as Englishmen in places and amid surroundings where their real identity could not be discovered. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the Christian Brothers, and kindred teaching communities, thousands of young Irishmen were trained in the love and esteem of their fatherland. Trinity College and other such institutions may have given some of its leaders to the Young Ireland literary movement, but its rank and file were almost exclusively drawn from the people who were instructed by the communities just referred to.

Since 1848 little or nothing has been done for Irish literature. No truly national series of books has been attempted. No project for a truly national magazine of first-class rank like our own *North American Review*, was ever even dreamt of. All the purely literary publications—and they were many—that ever saw the light in Ireland throughout the last fifty years, have had but brief and precarious existence—with the sole exceptions of the *Shamrock* and the *Irish Monthly*. Irish literature, having had no oatmeal on which to cultivate itself, Irishmen had to carry their literary wares to the English and American markets, where they cannot be, perhaps, very much blamed if they became as English and American as the English and Americans themselves.

Now that a certain amount of money has been subscribed for the publication of Irish books to be written by Irish authors, and dealing with Irish subjects, it might not be considered out of place for THE CITIZEN to suggest the preparation and issue of certain volumes, the sale of which would certainly be extensive among Irishmen at home or abroad. Denny Lane of Cork might, for instance, be requested to give us pen-and-ink pictures of the closing years of the Young Ireland era when its literary and patriotic enthusiasm was at its highest point. Gavan Duffy could write a graphic account of the dark days of despair that succeeded that brilliant epoch. James Stephens could offer a record of his life long experiences in Irish politics to the public in his 'Recollections of '48," as well as in a complete "History of the I.R.B movement;" while a capable Irish-American, who had taken a prominent part in the Irish crusade here for the last thirty years, might be called upon to do justice to the F.B. Thomas Clarke Luby and John O'Leary might also pen us their souvenirs of Irish life and history. Besides these, the *disjecta membra* of Irish literature, scattered throughout scores of magazines, should be collected in book form. Of these the following are worthy of serious attention at the hands of any future compiler: the stories of Fitzjames O'Brien and of Denis Holland, the poems of Thomas Furlong, John Keegan, Edward Walsh, John C. Deady, and J. K. Casey ("Leo"), and the fugitive essays of Drs. Petrie, Donovan, and Carry on the archæological lore of Ireland.

THE CITIZEN in conclusion hopes that the Irish literary renaissance of today may become the glorious success of tomorrow; for with its triumph will come the final death of tyranny of every kind, and the inauguration of a brilliant era of manly thought and independence.

NOTICE.

Owing to the intervening holiday, THE CITIZEN is compelled, most reluctantly, to hold over the report of the Manchester Martyrs celebration in this city until next week.

IT seems to us that emotional cranks who shoot their mothers-in-law, wives and children, but spare themselves, are getting entirely too numerous. If they are mad, the law ought to treat them as mad animals, dangerous to human life, are treated. A man who knows enough to commit murder and spare his own miserable carcass, knows enough to deserve hanging.

THE testimonial banquet to Mr. John M. Armstrong, the father of Lincoln Park, will be given at the Sherman House this (Saturday) evening.

OUR Carter has been down East interviewing Mr. Cleveland. The main object of his visit is a mystery. It is, however, fair to assume that Carter gave a good account of himself.

GROVER CLEVELAND wants Edward J. Murphy, of Troy, N. Y., to get out of the road, as a senatorial candidate, in favor of William C. Whitney. If Murphy has the spunk of a nameless insect, he will do nothing of the kind.

THE Chicago *Evening Dispatch*, edited by Joseph R. Dunlop, is one of the handsomest and newsiest of the metropolitan newspapers. It is, in fact, a model twilight luminary.

THE Nashville, Tenn., *American* of the 20th inst says: "Morris O'Brien, a well known Nashville man, a molder by trade, who was partly reared in this city, died yesterday morning in Chicago. His brother, John O'Brien, of Chicago, sent a telegram to James Killeles, of this city, announcing the death of his brother. Young O'Brien went to Chicago about six weeks ago to visit relatives and friends. His many friends in this city will be pained to hear of his death. He was a member of the Emmet Club of this city."

IT is lucky for John M. Armstrong that there are people more ancient than even the Chicago Historical Society in this city. Otherwise Col. E. G. Mason might deprive him of the honor of being the Columbus of Lincoln Park.

THE CITIZEN is profoundly nauseated by the eternal newspaper babble concerning "Lady Henry" Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard. They are quite evidently a mutual admiration society on the scale of a small tea party. Why doesn't Miss Willard turn a "Somerset" and become English, you know?

FOR THE CITIZEN.

OUR MARTYRED DEAD.

(Nov. 23, 1867)

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

"Our martyred dead"—but no, they never die
Who fight and fall defending Freedom's shrine:
Bright as the stars that stud the arching sky,
Their names shall gleam—their memories shall shine,
Despite grim graves and sable burial palls,
Blest and revered on every sea and shore,
Till the last trumpet of the angel calls
The dead to life when time shall be no more!

In fancy's light we deck with flow'rs today
The nameless stones marking the resting place
Where sleeps in alien soil the hallowed clay
Of these, the valiant champions of our race;
For they had loved their land—to her they gave
A bond which heroes only dare to give,
Sealed by the blood that gloried to be brave—
Their gift of life that Innisfail might live!

Weep not for them—God's crown hath stilled their pain.
Wail not their lot, for, conqu'ring death, they cry:
"We have not planned we have not fought in vain,
The seeds we've sown are destined not to die!"
The creed they preached will be our charter scroll—
The gospel of our struggle to be free—
A pillar's flame to guide us to the goal
For which they pined, scaling the scaffold tree.

Writ on the heart of Ireland evermore
Are their three names in characters of gold,
Blent with the names of those who went before—
The martyrs and the confessors of old.
Avenged will be their holocaust sublime,
And not unheard their fervent vows and pray'rs,
When, in the glorious plentitude of time,
The triumph of a nation shall be theirs.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Feast of St. Cecilia.

The Cecilian Circle will celebrate the Feast of St. Cecilia by giving a musicale, Saturday, Nov. 26 The following ladies will furnish a musical and literary programme: Mrs. R. F. Sheridan, Misses Therese Dunlap, Nellie Cahill, Nettie Hunter, May Nolan Duggan, Alice Smith, Josie Kipley and Mary J. Onahan.

Cuffaback Coursing Club.

A coursing match under the auspices of this Club will take place next week in Cook county. Six brace of hares are en route from Bethel, Maine, William Fox Kenny, the celebrated "High Sword," is engaged to loose the animals. Martin Fanning, of the Town of Lake, purchased two dogs at Topeka, Kan. They are now on their way here. The club had a spirited run recently, when a stout hare from Great Bend, Kan, was loosed. He made a gallant fight with four dogs, but was overcome after scaring one off. The event took place at Western avenue and Sixty-seventh street. The Club is importing a dozen hares from Spa Hill, county Kilkenny, and expect to have some good sport with them next month.

T. Shea, Tailor,

126 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20 $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WOMEN JOURNALISTS.

Something Relative to Their Organization by Eleanor Kirk.

Health Resorts in South Carolina.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 21.—The New York Woman's Press Club has just held its annual election, and the former president, indeed the only one the association has ever had, Mrs. Jennie June Croly, was re elected by acclamation. This was a surprise to the lady herself as well as to some of the other members. For several months there has been talk of a change, and the talk materialized so far as to make another ticket possible with Mrs. Heaton as the choice of those who felt that a change would be beneficial. Mrs. Heaton is a splendid, sensible woman and possessed of unusual executive ability. She is never petty, and not the least bit of a crank. But the framers of the new ticket reckoned without their host. Mrs. Heaton would not run against Mrs. Croly. As there was but one year that the present incumbent could remain in the office according to the constitution, it seemed best to this wise little woman that things should be left as they were. Other candidates were spoken of, but when it came to an issue not one could be found who would accept the nomination with Mrs. Croly as a competitor. So the former chief official was enthusiastically retained. There was not a dissenting voice, and the voices were loud, and full of spirit. By that is meant good will and vivacity, not ardent spirits.

Mrs. Croly made a graceful and appropriate speech, and then the work of electing other officers proceeded in an orderly, delightful and businesslike manner. Once in a while the gavel came down with a few sharp clicks, but generally there was very little need of discipline. We had our blackboard with one of the loveliest and brightest women in the world as marker, Miss Cynthia M. Westover. Our tellers knew exactly what they were about, and there was not a hitch or a quarrel from first to last. If by chance a sharp word was spoken, it was received with laughter. I do not believe that there was ever an election carried on by the members of clubs composed of the "other half" of creation, where there was so little friction and fault-finding.

One cause of sorrow was the resignation of Mrs. Eliza Archard Connor as chairman of the executive committee. This is the most important position in any organization, and there is no man or woman in the country so competent to fill it as the able woman who would stay no longer. Mrs. Connor is an authority in parliamentary law, and has taught it most successfully for several years. Besides this unusual recommendation, she is genuinely fond of women, and ready to make real sacrifices in their behalf. She has, however, very little patience with women who gossip and find fault, and can speak her mind without respect of persons. Unlike Mrs. Connor, Mrs. Croly takes women just as she finds them, and does not seem to expect them to rise above their own level. If they say unkind things even of herself, she smiles serenely and lets it go.

Mrs. Connor is a firm believer in rotation in office and practices what she preaches. Her successor is an efficient worker, who will probably have considerable counsel from our much respected and beloved ex-chairman of the executive.

Mrs. Connor is vice-chairman of the Psychical Congress, which is to be held in Chicago, and with her arduous professional work is as busy a woman as ever lived.

The Woman's Press Club is a splendidly equipped organization with a fair sum in the treasury, and a membership of as brainy and sensible women as can be found in the country.

There have been scores of requests from readers in different parts of the country for the names of suitable books for Christmas presents, especially for children and those of a larger growth who need amusement and consolation. For very small folks I know of no books so pleasing as "Cockle Shells and Silver Bells," and "The Princess, The Pig, and Esettery," by Mrs. M. F. Butts. The first book can be procured for 25c and 6 cents postage, the last for 15c and 3 cents postage, by sending to the author, Booth Bay Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. Butts is a favorite contributor to *St Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*, as well as many other magazines and papers, and everything she writes is inestimably precious to the heart of the child. It takes hold of the spirit and the imagination of the little one in so pure and vital a way that the lesson remains not only as a thing of beauty and a joy forever, but as a foundation for future development.

In reference to the other demand, I hope I speak modestly, when I say that one could hardly find a more comforting, inspiring, amusing and helpful volume in the whole realm of literature than "Beecher as a Humorist." I prepared this book to meet these very wants, and it is nobly fulfilling its purpose. It can be procured by writing to this office. Price, $1.10 postage paid.

Some ladies have written for particulars about wintering quarters for those afflicted with weak lungs, bronchial coughs, etc., etc., etc. Several correspondents would like to go to some spot in the same belt as Aiken, S.C., but want a more quiet and less expensive place.

There is a little town called Elko, in South Carolina, where the same atmospheric conditions obtain as at Aiken, and I am told that excellent accommodations are offered for from $7 to $10 a week. The postmaster of or mistress at Elko would probably give the desired information. Dr. Nathanial and Dr. Will Matson, of Greene avenue, in this city recommend this place to their patients and go themselves. The names of these popular Brooklyn physicians are sufficient endorsement for my answers to these various communications.

The easiest and pleasantest way to reach this point is by the beautiful Iroquois, Algernon, or in fact any steamer of the Clyde Line, from Pier 29 East River, New York. The short sea trip to Charleston is nearly always a benefit to travelers afflicted with pulmonary troubles. The clear bracing air—or the 'clean air," as Mark Twain puts it—the change from an earth to an ocean environment, the new and good things that constantly tempt the delicate appetite, the consideration of those in authority, turning the ship into a floating home, the splendor of sky, and sea, sunsets and cloud effects, the change from a winter to a late spring climate, are all beautiful and inspiring, and an inspiration will do more in a curative way than almost anything else I have yet to see the traveler on these steamers, who, unless suffering from seasickness, was glad to reach port.

It takes three hours by train from Charleston to Elko.

ELEANOR KIRK

No. 698 Greene avenue.

AN IRISH COLUMBUS.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—*Dear Sir:* While celebrating throughout the civilized world this four hundredth anniversary year of the discovery of America by Columbus, it is surprising that our Irish scholars and antiquarians, of whom there must be many in this city, and throughout the country at large, as well as in Ireland and many other places, have said or done nothing, or make no mention of, what Irish saints or missionaries have done in ages past, in landing on the shores of this country long before the great Columbus' discovery, and long before the Norsemen set their feet on American soil. The Scandinavians, with commendable zeal and just pride, are not backward in doing honor to their countryman who planted a colony on the American coast in some part of what is now the State of Massachusetts, and they have erected a monument to the daring and adventurous seamen, Lief Erickzen, who led the Norsemen, brought them to this unknown land in the early part of the tenth century, but long before Liet was born the existence of the land beyond the ocean was known to the ancient Irish, and as Gerald Griffin says in one of his beautiful poems:

"They thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it 'Hy Brazil',' the land of the blest."

The Scandinavians do not claim to have made any voyages to America prior to the tenth century, but hundreds of years before that time St Brendan, who flourished as patron of Clonfert and Ardfert from the year A.D. 550 till the beginning of the following century, made two voyages to the unknown land, from the last of which he never returned.

The place of departure of St. Brendan's expedition from Ireland was near what is now known as Valentia Bay, in the county Kerry, and which tradition makes as nearly identical with the starting point of the sub trans-Atlantic lines on which are laid the great telegraph cable from Ireland to Newfoundland. The voyages and adventures of St. Brendan and the colonists and monks who accompanied him on the vast and tempestuous waters of the great Atlantic in their open boats, are yet extant, and as they were composed and sung chiefly by poets and bards, who lauded the doings and adventures of celebrated men in the festive halls of princes and great chiefs throughout ancient Ireland, in lays of exaggerated praise and wonder, they partake largely of mythical legends. But in this respect they are not any more so, than what we are told by poets and legendary lore, of the site of ancient Troy, and of some of the heroes, gods and demigods of the Trojan war, and the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus, and many other wonderful things about new countries and places that pass current as authentic history at the present time. But as to the real voyages and discoveries of St. Brendan there can be no doubt. The learned Archbishop Usher treats of St. Brendan's voyages and adventures in his "Epistles of the Irish Saints," and the great Baron Von Humboldt, the celebrated traveler and philosopher, in his master work, "Cosmos," says the 'dates in the legends of St. Brendan are well fixed whatever else may be dubious." When S. Brendan and his companions reached the great unknown land they traveled southward, and gave the name of *Iriand it Mikla*, or great Ireland, to all the country by them discovered, and they established missions wherever they went, and long afterwards when the adventures of St. Brendan and his colonists had died out and were almost forgotten traditions of those missions existed in France, the Netherlands, Spain and Italy, and when in the tenth century the Norsemen, under Liet Ericksen before referred to, sailed from Greenland down the coast of part of what is now New England, he knew the country as *Iriand it Mikla*, as it was named in the Scandinavian Sagas or books of historical narrations, and so designated on the maps and charts of the Norsemen of that period, which books, maps and charts may be found in some of the great libraries of Europe at the present day, and perhaps some of them are in this country.

When Liet Erickson planted his colony and called it Vinland, the "Skraelingers," says Humboldt in "Cosmos," related to them that further southward, beyond the Chesapeake Bay, there dwelt white men (descendants of St Brendan's colonists, no doubt) who clothed themselves in long white garments, and carried before them poles with clothes attached, and they called with a loud voice. This account was interpreted by Christian Northmen to indicate processions in which banners were borne, accompanied by singing.

We are all fully aware, that no matter what has been done, or may be said or written regarding those white men who in early ages reached these shores from beyond the Atlantic prior to the discovery of Columbus, nothing can detract in the least from the great services done mankind by that great navigator, nor dim one bright star in the brilliant galaxy that will ever shine around him in the firmament of everlasting fame. But while doing honors all round which are so justly due to Spain's great admiral and navigator, it is to be hoped that Celtic scholars capable of the work will take up the subject and give honor to whom honor is due in showing from ancient annals how St. Brendan and his fellow voyagers braved the stormy ocean of the great Atlantic in their open barks, and guided alone in their adventurous wanderings by the sun in the daytime and by the stars at night, reached that part of the great unknown land, which we have every reason to believe lies within our own beloved United States of the present day. M.W.H.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A.O.H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER
} Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$608 25
Division 19, A.O.H., second instalment	19 50
Rev. T. Ryan, St. Cecilia's church, Forty-fifth-st., and Wentworth-av	10 00
James Finucane, Soldiers' Home, Nashville, Tenn	1 00
Irishmen of South Omaha, Neb	60 00
F. P. Kinsella, 4110 Wabash-av	5 00
P. Tyrrell, 50 Miller-st	5 00
P. O'Brien, 3672 Wabash-av	5 00
John J. Cassidy, Wilmington, Del	2 00
Div. 17, A. O. H	6 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Innisfail Dramatic Club.

The Innisfail Dramatic Club will present the popular Irish drama, "Glenore," at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 29 The entertainment will be for the benefit of St. Pius church.

What $16 Will Do.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie Lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to, or call on F. W. BUSHNK, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 802 Phœnix Building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

Will You Go East This Fall?

If so it will be to your interest to fully acquaint yourself with the excellent train service now in effect between Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points, via the "Lake Shore Route." Through trains leave Chicago at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m., 3:10, 5:30, 7:45 and 11:30 p. m. The "Chicago and Boston Special" (10:30 a. m.) is the only complete train from Chicago through to New England. It has dining car serving meals the entire distance, in itself an excellent feature, and the equipment of the train throughout is of the very highest standard. The Chicago and New York Limited (5:30 p. m.) embodies all that is modern and novel in railway transport and has very appropriately been called "a perfect train." F. M. BYRON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Clark st., C. K. WILBER, W. P. A., Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m. St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison Kansas City, Houston and all points west northwest and southwest.

A Wonderful Old Lady.

Mrs. Johanna Clifford, mother of Mr Thomas Clifford, of No. 305 S Jefferson street, a native of Glenbeagh, county Kerry, Ireland, has been a resident of Chicago for the past forty years. She is 96 years of age, and is happy in the fact that she never took any medicine in her life. She performs her knitting and sewing without the aid of glasses the same as in her younger days. She is, perhaps, the finest physical specimen of womanhood, at that age to be found in the world.

PERSONAL.

THE CITIZEN regrets to learn that the Rev. E. A. Kelly, the much beloved pastor of St. Cecilia's, met with a serious accident last week, by which the cap of his knee was fractured.

Desired Information.

We desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily for St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers and Coaches of latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed. This the public is invited to judge for itself. It is the only route to the Pacific Coast over which both Pullman Vestibuled, first class, and Pullman Tourist cars are operated from Chicago via St. Paul without change.

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ESTATE OF CATHERINE POWER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Power, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1893, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 23, 1892

ANNIE POWER, Executrix.

James O'Connell, Attorney for Executrix.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL NAGLE, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Nagle, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1893, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 7, 1892.

MARY NAGLE,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Michael Nagle, deceased.

David Sullivan, Attorney for Executrix.

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AN OLD WORLD COUNTRY.

I know an Old World country
Where travelers never stray;
Whose wood paths wind sequestered
For miles and miles away;
Whose fields of flowering grasses
To shadowed dingles slant,
Where elves are wont to whisper
And nightingales to chant!

There still the Old World homesteads
In calm contentment thrive—
Gray haunts of flail and sickle,
Of dovecote and of hive.
Invention ne'er invades them
With desecrating hand;
No steam plow ever plunges
Amid that placid land!

There Old World greens still flourish,
With alebench and with stocks;
The village dames drop curtsies,
The village hinds wear smocks;
Sleek Dobbin shakes his ribbons;
Dick Shepherd plies his crook,
And daisy sprinkled barrows
The belfries overlook.

There in that Old World country,
Beneath its noiseless spell,
Amid its sweet composure,
Who would not choose to dwell?
Where troubles never trespass,
Where Time unruffled flows,
And every morn brings gladness,
And every eve repose!

—London World.

A SILENT SEA.

Some years ago I was homeward bound from the East Indies. We had rounded the Cape without getting the usual dressing, and had picked up the southeast trades much sooner than we expected. Everything had so far been in our favor, and it was only when we got into the latitude where we ought to have picked up the northeast trades that, instead of the usual breeze, we came in for nothing but a succession of light winds and variables. With these we gradually worked along until we got into about 20 degs. north latitude, when we had a calm for two days.

Shortly before midnight on the second day a light breeze sprang up from the southward. There was only enough wind to keep the sails full, and we glided along at about two knots an hour with lazy little bobs to a swell that came up from the eastward. All that day the breeze continued light. The sun beat down with tremendous power, and toward noon the breeze died almost entirely away, though the swell continued with long, low, regular undulations. Away on our port bow heavy clouds began to appear on the edge of the horizon, and the glass was falling rapidly.

I was at the wheel in the first dogwatch. We lay heading all round the compass, the ship having no steering way, and I watched the bank of clouds gathering ominously on our port quarter. The sun seemed to set in a perfect atmosphere of sulphur, leaving some angry looking streaks of red and gold that gleamed like flashes of lightning suddenly arrested. The skipper paced the quarter deck, occasionally diving below to look at the glass, and each time returning with a more anxious countenance, and saying to the mate that he had never seen the glass so low since he had been to sea.

"We'll reef her right down at four bells, Mr. Jarvis," he said, "for there's everything good, bad and indifferent mixed up in those clouds, like an Irish stew."

As soon as the watch came on deck sail after sail was clewed up and furled, until we had nothing on her but the two lower topsails, foremast staysail and storm staysail. The ship, now denuded of her sails, stood out like a skeleton against the background of copper colored clouds. The men began to get somewhat depressed, as with a sky and atmosphere like that we knew that it was no ordinary blow that we had to expect, and I could hear the shrill voice of a little shriveled up seaman named Lester creaking more than was his wont, and calling to mind the time when he was in the China seas some thirty years ago, how the clouds had gathered up in the same way, and how the ship foundered, and all hands were lost except himself.

"Here, cut that yarn!" said one of the men. "You're a regular old Jonah!"

The watch below turned in at eight bells, having been cautioned to be ready for a reuse out. I paced the deck for some time. The captain and the mate were discussing the dirty appearance of the weather. The ship looked absolutely desolate, with her long, bare masts tapering away into the darkness.

"I don't like the way that stuff hangs about," said the skipper; "when it does come it will come with a run." Here and there a star would faintly show itself, and the sea glittered with phosphorescent lights. Hour after hour we lay under the shadow of those dense clouds waiting for the storm to burst. The watch dragged wearily on till close on midnight, when suddenly a bright flash of lightning seemed to part the clouds asunder; then others followed in quick succession.

"We'll catch it directly," piped the shrill voice of Lester, and he was right. Scarcely were the words uttered when we heard a roaring sound in the distance, which increased into a whirling shriek. In an instant it was upon us. Fortunately it struck us on the quarter. The ship for a moment plunged forward, burying her bows in the sea. At the same instant there was a terrific bang as the topsails were blown clear out of the bolt ropes; there was not a stitch of canvas left on her, and we scudded under bare poles, the sea bubbling around us, a mass of seething foam. It was impossible to stand upright, and we had to crawl about as best we could.

We were thankful when daylight came, as the horrors of the storm had been much intensified by the pitchy darkness. When the sun rose, sea and sky presented a wild and grand sight. The scud was flying above us, and the foam below. Everything was rushing madly before the hurricane; there, alone on this wild and desolate world of waters, was our gallant ship, staggering before the mighty blast and fighting the waves like a living thing.

For two whole days and nights we drove along, accompanied only by the incessant roar of the storm. On the third night the ship seemed to lose her buoyancy, and by the heavy deadened way she rose and fell we thought she had sprung a leak, for her motion was now more like that of an old water logged Quebeccar than of an East Indian clipper. About midnight we sounded the well, but she was dry as a bone. The sea also became much smoother, and we seemed to be simply rising and falling on a huge swell, instead of going through a heavy sea.

As the night wore on the force of the wind greatly abated, insomuch that we were able to get new topsails from below and make them ready to bend. It was intensely dark, and as the hurricane went down an awful stillness prevailed. It seemed as if the continued shrieking of the storm for the last three days had affected our sense of hearing, or else there was something strange, as no one could hear the swish of the sea, and no water came aboard. We simply rolled about in absolute silence.

The wind gradually died away until it was a dead calm. We lay aloft and bent the new topsails, and by the time we were ready to hoist the yards the morning was beginning to break.

As daylight came on we were astonished to find that instead of being in a clear, open sea we seemed to be in a huge green meadow land. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but a heaving mass of green. We had been driven into the midst of the Saragossa sea. This accounted for the way she had labored and the deathlike silence that prevailed. The weeds were already clinging to the sides and bow of the vessel. The sun rose clear and bright, and as the day advanced the heat was excessive. There was not a breath of wind anywhere, so that we lay utterly helpless amidst this entanglement of weeds. We could do nothing now but wait for a breeze to release us. During the day the swell went down, and by night we lay quite motionless, and with a most appalling stillness reigning around.

The night was beautifully clear and the stars shone out brilliantly; so we spent our first night among this sea of weeds and grass, rather pleased than otherwise at the quiet, which was a relief after the three days' incessant shrieking of the hurricane. At sunrise the calm still continued, and the men began to get impatient for a breeze. The day was occupied in scraping the weeds from the sides of the vessel. The heat was intense; there was not a breath of air, and the sky was without a cloud. As far at the eye could see, even from a royal yard, nothing was visible but one unbroken plain of floating weed. The frightful stillness of everything was the worst part of it. Hour by hour it became more oppressive. It was a silence so intense that one seemed to hear it, and by sundown even the nerves of the roughest old seaman had become so unstrung that the putting down of a panniken made every one start. Day after day went on without even a cat's paw of wind, and the captain soon saw that the only thing to keep up the men's spirits was to give them plenty of work. We painted the ship, tarred down, scraped, holystoned and did every other conceivable kind of work until it became hard to find anything else to do. Curious kind of creatures crawled about on the top of the weeds, gazing at our unfortunate craft with their meaningless fishy eyes.

When we had been thus becalmed for three weeks the captain thought it advisable to put us on a short allowance of food and water, as there seemed no more prospect of a breeze now than there was on the day in which we had first got entangled. At first we tried to get up entertainments, but no one seemed to have heart for anything, and all our attempts at amusements failed. The one absorbing thought of the whole crew—morning, noon and night, waking or sleeping—was, "When shall we get a breeze?" What preyed on our minds most was the appalling stillness. It hung around us like a funeral pall.

One night, while the crew were lying about the deck trying to sleep, I was suddenly roused by a voice shouting, "Let go your royal halyards."

In a moment every one was on the alert, thinking and hoping that we were in for a breeze. It was a bright moonlight night—not a cloud was to be seen. On the forecastle head stood a seaman, waving his arms and calling out that a squall was approaching.

"Where away?" shouted the mate.

"Let go!" he yelled in reply.

We now saw that the poor fellow was raving, and immediately a couple of hands secured him. He became very violent, so much so that it became necessary to put him in irons. All that night the poor fellow raved piteously, chiefly about his wife and child, who he thought were stowed away in some place all alone, and where all was silence. For three days he refused to eat or drink, and appealed incessantly to us to let him go and help his dear ones.

On the fourth morning of his illness it was my turn to watch him. He had been lying quiet for some time, breathing heavily. Presently he struggled violently, and I had to call for the assistance of another man to hold him down. Suddenly, with a supreme effort, he burst the irons from his wrists, but the strain had been too much, and he lay back exhausted for a few minutes. Then raising himself on his elbow he looked around in a dazed way, and putting his hand in mine said in a quiet voice, "The silence has gone now, Kitty," and died.

Now that the ravings of this poor tar had ceased, the silence seemed even more awful than before, and the skipper, in order to keep the men from brooding, ordered a couple of boats to be got out and efforts made to tow the ship clear of the weeds. Our first business was to bury our dead, and as soon as the longboat was over the side we lowered the corpse into it. Poor old Jack! he had been a good shipmate, though always rather sentimental. Four seamen and the mate manned the boat, and with much labor and difficulty they managed to get her along until she was about 100 yards away. We then saw two of the men parting the weeds with the blades of their oars, so as to form a grave. The mate stood up in the stern sheets and read the burial service, while the body of poor old Jack lay across the midship thwarts. I shuddered as I saw him dropped over among the dark clinging weeds.

"Oh," said Lester, in his shrill voice, "there goes the first. I'll warrant it won't be the last."

"Croaker," some one remarked, and we set to work to get the other boat over, while the funeral party made their way back to the ship.

For a whole week we tried all possible means to shift her with the aid of the boats, but it was not of the slightest use, for if we cleared the tangle of weeds away one day they were as bad as ever the next, so after a time we gave up this work in despair. Two more of the men now became light headed and had to be put under restraint. Day by day things became more desperate, and to our horror we saw that the food and water could not hold out much longer.

The skipper and the mate, after a long consultation, determined to provision a boat and send her to find out how far it was to the open sea.

The mate and four seamen, myself among the number, formed the crew. We started at daybreak and made our way slowly along. When night came we could still see our vessel across the flat extent of green, but we had made fairly good progress, as she was hull down. We divided ourselves into two watches, so that we could keep going both night and day.

After three days of this we found the weeds getting much scarcer, and for the first time for six weeks we felt just a flutter of air. Upon this the mate determined to return and make another effort to tow the ship. When we got back to the vessel our report somewhat raised the desponding spirits of the men, and it was arranged to make one great effort to tow the ship away on the morning after our return.

That night one of the sick men died. We buried him at sunrise in the same manner as his shipmate, and then started the work of towing. For hours we toiled, the skipper encouraging us from the poop.

"There she moves, my lads—that's it—keep her going!" and so on, though I don't think we moved her half a fathom the whole day, and when we returned aboard at nightfall every one felt more disconsolate than ever. Even the captain, who had always appeared to keep his spirits up, seemed thoroughly downcast, and the deadly stillness was only broken occasionally by the cries of the poor fevered men below.

I lay down on the main hatch to sleep, but found it impossible. I was a good deal distressed at the death of the man we had buried that morning, who had been a great chum of mine, and I lay on my back looking up at the starry heavens, wondering if we were to die off one by one, and, if so, who would be the last. The more I thought, the more morbid did my thoughts become. In time the vessel would be carried out of the bed of weeds by some storm or current, and when picked up there would be no one to explain how the crew had all gone mad and died miserably, killed by the utter silence. I grasped my head with my hands. Was I to be the next? Oh, God, I could feel my brain going! The fearful stillness seemed to come over me in huge waves. I prayed hard and wept desolate tears. I had no energy to move or speak. The sense of overwhelming stillness overpowered me and made me absolutely helpless. Suddenly I heard the mate shout out, "Port main brace!"

At the same instant a gentle puff of air swept across my face, and the sails that had been hanging idly for so many weeks filled out to the gentle pressure of the breeze. This brought me to my senses. The frightful feeling in my head vanished as I joined the others in trimming the yards. Yes, there was a breeze, but very, very light. The royals and topgallant sails appeared to be drawing, but we did not seem to be in motion. Presently the captain suggested putting a lighted tarpot over the side to see if we were making any way. We were only just moving. Men dared hardly speak lest their voices should drive the breeze away.

When the sun rose the wind freshened, and by eight bells we were perceptibly moving. We brought our sick man on deck, hoping the breeze would revive him, but he never rallied, and died that night, and as we dropped him over the side the voice of Lester could be heard saying: "Number three gone! We ought to get along all right now."

"You're the Jonah," replied his shipmates. "If we had put you overboard at first, we might have been in dock two months ago."

In two days' time we once more heard the splashing of the sea as the waves danced and curled around the ship's side, carrying the weeds that had grown to her for yards to leeward. Thus, after a captivity of fifty-three days, we found ourselves again on the restless ocean, and even the roar of angry billows was the sweetest music to us after our long imprisonment in the "Silent sea."—Chambers' Journal.

A Great Disappointment.

Mamma—I'm going out, and I don't want you to stir away from the front steps until I come back.

Little Johnny (who has been invited to play ball)—All right, mamma. I won't stir a step, and if I get tired I'll go in th' house and read 'bout little Samuel an Daniel in the lions' den. Goin to take a street car?

Mamma—No, I'm only going across the way to speak with Mrs. Blank. She's there at the front window.

Little Johnny—Boo, hoo, hoo!—Good News.

How Tennyson Was Regarded at Home.

At a luncheon at Blackdown, close to Haslemere, a gentleman told Bishop Wilberforce the following conversation that passed between a stranger and a resident: "Mr. Tennyson lives here, does not he?" "Yes, he does." "He is a great man!" "Well, I don't well know what you call great, but he only keeps one man servant, and he doesn't sleep in the house!"—New York Tribune.

FIGHT WITH WOLVES

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

A Fearful Struggle in the Wilds of Norway with a Horde of Savage, Hungry Wolves Fleeter Than Deer and More Persevering Than Bloodhounds.

I have hunted coyotes on the western plains and wolves in Canada and the northwest, and I have always thought that a conflict with Siberian bloodhounds would be as terrific as any, but for real work there is nothing like a pack of starving Norway wolves. It is something beyond the imaginative ability of the American hunter. Although we were told we might possibly meet an attack we braved the ride, all being well armed in case of need. The officers of the Mira carried the Hickla rifle. This is the military repeater of Norway. Morton had a four barreled Sharp's pistol, while I carried a four barreled hammerless Charles Lancaster 45-caliber pistol—one I had recently purchased while in London.

We proceeded about twenty miles without any serious incident, when just as we were crossing a little frozen creek some forty yards wide a strange sensation seemed to take possession of our deer; they shivered, trembled, and the hairs on their back stood on end. "Wolves!" yelled my driver, and began to lash the deer, one of which promptly slipped on ice, fell down and tangled himself up with the harness, thus seriously impeding our coveted progress. I was on the second sled with Lieutenant Bjornstan, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Cory. "Boys," said I (common danger makes fast friends), "send every bullet home." Just at this moment six fierce, hungry gray wolves came galloping toward us about twenty yards away.

The deer regained his footing and away we dashed. Wolves can run as fast against the wind as with it, so can the deer, but they had a heavy sled, five people and a foot deep of frozen crusted snow to contend with. The lieutenant began firing as the wolves gained on us. Robert and Lieutenant Thrach were firing rapidly, for the pack had been augmented and divided forces. We had now run about half a mile, a wolf dropping once in awhile, but on they came in increased numbers on our flank. You wonder perhaps why I did not shoot; well, I will tell you. A running wolf, while the shooter is in a sled behind trotting deer, is difficult to hit. I had only 100 cartridges, and knew it would be madness to waste them. If the driver would only stop; but that was impossible, as he and the deer were frantic from fright.

At this moment one of the wolves jumped upon the deer's flank and was promptly killed by the lieutenant, but this kind of game could not last long, so I prepared to dismount some of our pursuers. Straddling the dashboard I pulled my Lancaster, and every time a wolf jumped for the deer I shot at it and hit hard or killed about seven. Just at this moment as we were making progress in our defense our deer, who had hurt his hip by his fall, came to a stop and the rear sled dashed into us. The collision was frightful, tumbling and spilling us all out, and the confusion was great. I called out to the driver to save the deer, as we were instantly surrounded by the maddened, beautifully furred wolves. Deer, drivers, wolves and we travelers were soon in a terrific melee for life. The officers fired their rifles with admirable precision and rapidity, and owing to the smokeless gunpowder we could see well for hits.

Lieutenant Bjornstan wrapped robes about Miss Cory and Mrs. Wilson and placed them between us—we with our backs toward them. I threw a blanket over my left shoulder, using it as a shield. My Lancaster in forty-eight rapid shots did not miss fire once. I killed eighteen wolves, but my left leg is frightfully lacerated, having been caught by two of the wolves. The ship doctor, however, assures me I need not fear hydrophobia. He feels confident in his opinion, but, as I own the leg, am correspondingly doubtful. Miss Cory was caught on the horns of one of the deer, and would have been instantly killed had I not promptly shot the deer. Morton fought like a true American, but his pistol clogged after the seventh shot, and he was forced to use one of the sled runners. Just as I began to despair, all at once the wolves—that is, those that were alive—ran away as fast as they had come.

Lieutenant Bjornstan fought gallantly, and twice pulled Mrs. Wilson from the savage hold of the animals. Miss Elsa Chamberlain sustained a great mental shock, but Morton accomplished wonders in her restoration. We lost two guides, one driver and three deer, but through assistance from the Laps have returned to the ship and are in a fair way in body and mind.—Sportsman's Review.

A Kind Hearted Waiter.

A surprising experience was that of a lady who received a bit of advice on table etiquette. She is sufficiently free from vanity to tell the story herself. She says:

I know that I am not a person of impressive appearance. I am inclined to be short and stout, and to dress plainly; still I had hoped that I had an air of acquaintance with polite society. But now I shall be more modest than ever in my idea of the impression I make upon strangers.

At my first meal at the hotel where I passed last summer I was pleased with the face of my waiter. It was radiant with kindliness and good nature. I began my dinner with soup and fish. As the waiter set them in front of me he glanced at the persons of fashionable appearance who were my neighbors at table. His kind heart was suddenly struck with the fear that I might make an unfortunate impression on them.

He bent down and whispered in my ear:

"Eat your soup first."—Youth's Companion.

Feeing Waiters.

"Women are accused of being inclined to meanness in the matter of feeing waiters," commented a woman recently, "but I think perhaps those who are take their cue from a meanly inclined husband or brother. On a dining car recently a man sat opposite me who ate stolidly through the courses of the dollar dinner, had a bottle of apollinaris opened for him and left five cents by his plate when he had done. The waiter pointedly allowed the nickel to remain until every dish had been removed, undoubtedly hoping that the persons at the adjacent tables would see the small coin before, with an indescribable flip, he pocketed it.

"Not long ago I saw a man in a New York restaurant tuck a five dollar bill in the waiter's hand at the beginning of a luncheon he was ordering for his party of two ladies and himself. This seemed to me as bad in its way as the five cent fee. We Americans do not take kindly to the fee system. It is contrary to the principles of our institutions, but it is apparently beyond control, and we women with the rest must accept, if in moderation. Among my women friends I find no general rule in regard to the matter. One woman whom I consider rather fast doesn't fee 'because it's vulgar;' another who is proverbially extravagant, because she 'can't afford it;' still another, because the waiter won't expect it from a woman, and so on. I've seen a rich woman leave five cents and a poor one leave fifty cents. A favorite practice when several women are lunching together is to divide the fee, each contributing an equal part. Men, I believe, never do this, though I don't see why it isn't a sensible notion."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Belle Coscie Band.

A bandit in Corsica nevers robs any one, but if he wants money he gets it, not by plundering rich tourists, not by stopping a diligence—this would be thieving, and altogether beneath his dignity. He writes a strongly worded letter to some person with whom he and his family are at feud and bids him send a certain sum by a given date, or take the consequence. The Belle Coscie band, especially during the last twenty years, have acted as if the country around belonged to them. They have almost always insisted on sharing in the profits of any undertaking which they may have seen going forward.

Some few years ago the maire of —— obtained a concession of the right to fell a certain number of trees in the forest of Vizzavona. The Belle Coscie heard of this and demanded a share in the profit. The maire indignantly refused, but the two bandits said, "Then we will shoot any one who attempts to cut down a single tree!" It was so certain that they would do it that the trees were left standing. At length the maire began to think that half a loaf was better than no bread and yielded. That has always been the way. Every one has yielded, and though expedition after expedition of armed men has been sent to the mountains to capture the two Belle Coscie, and though the gendarmes have been eager for the honor and reward attendant on success, there has been no success. Antoine Coscie has waited until the time during which the law prosecutes for murder is passed; Jacques will do the same, and a governing family in Corsica will have been founded.—London Saturday Review.

No Business in That Country.

"I once came near starving to death in a land of plenty," said J. Goodrich Jones, addressing the experience meeting assembled in the corridors of the Lindell. "I was traveling through Arkansas by wagon selling patent rights. I got into a section where hotels were unknown, and had to put up at the cabins of the squatters. For an entire week the bill of fare was baked possum, buttermilk and corn bread for breakfast, corn bread, buttermilk and baked possum for dinner, and buttermilk, baked possum and corn bread for supper. I abhor baked possum, corn bread is my abomination, and I would starve to death in an ocean of buttermilk. At last I expostulated. My host was thunderstruck.

"He got up, motioned me to follow him outside and said impressively: 'Look a-hyar, stranger; yer too scrumptious fer Arkansaw. Here this hull neighborhood has been a-totin corn t' mill an skylarkin around night arter night fer possums t' pervide y' with luxuries, an now y' turn up yer nose an say y' can't eat sich stuff. W'at d'ye want? W'at d'ye call high livin, anyhow? W'at kind o' fodder be y' a-hankerin fer? Now I tell y' w'at y' do. You p'int that mule's nose t'ward the Massassip, an don't y' never stop till y' git acrost it. A man who can't go possum an corn pone hain't got no kinder business a-foolin round in Arkansaw!'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Some Old Trees Sustain Themselves.

Many trees exhibit an economical utilization of the products of their own decay. These include swamp maples, a Norway maple, a willow and a white mulberry. In an English paper appeared not long ago an account of an oak which had "sustained itself for years by a mass of roots grown into its own trunk!"

In one of the swamp maples observed by L. M. Stabler, at Great Neck, Long Island, the primary injury apparently resulted from a storm which split and twisted the trunk. One of the adventitious roots, "at least two inches in diameter, started as high as ten feet above the base of the trunk and passed down through the decayed portion to the ground."—F. L. Sargent in Popular Science Monthly.

The Bicycle as a Remedy.

A physician pays the following tribute to the bicycle: "I have sent patients to the cycle riding school, and they have come back saying that it made them dizzy. They were drunk on oxygen, and I made them keep at it until they overcame the queer intoxication. Properly used I will say that the bicycle is one of the efficient remedies of the times."

HELPING ON THE GAMINS.

A King's Daughter's Rather Unsatisfactory Experience in Rewarding.

A King's Daughter was relating one of her experiences. "With my aunt," she said, "I was passing through a street in a tenement district in this city when a crowd of children, struggling for the possession of a poor, half starved looking kitten, attracted our notice. There were six boys and three girls, and the former were raining blows upon the latter, who in turn pulled hair, kicked and scratched the faces of their adversaries.

"To my astonishment and relief my sex was shortly victorious, and I could not refrain from showing that I was in sympathy with the object of the fray, although I could not conscientiously approve of the mode of warfare. 'And,' I said to my aunt, 'surely this shows that woman's tenderness for weaker creatures and her protecting care for the forlorn and suffering are inherent and instinctive, to see it thus manifested in these poor degraded children.'

"My aunt was not so enthusiastic, but I did not notice it much at the time, for I had called one of the girls to me and, giving her some change, said to her: 'I saw how courageously you rescued that poor cat; you are good girls not to let the boys abuse it.' She took the money and rushed back to her companions, showing it to them with the comment, 'My, isn't she green!' The trio then started up the alley, one of them urging haste. 'Hurry up, Mag,' she said; 'you get the kerosene; it's got lots of fur, and it'll blaze awful nice.'

"With an exclamation of horror my aunt and I ran after them, but our passage was blocked by a rough looking fellow, who asked our business in an insolent tone. We protested indignantly in behalf of the cat, but he only laughed jeeringly. 'They have to have their fun,' he said, 'like the rest of us,' and his manner was so impudently aggressive that we dared not attempt to get by him. We turned instead and found a policeman, who good naturedly came back with us, but man, girls and kitten were out of sight and sound. 'They're away off by this time,' remarked the bluecoat; 'they know how to slip around.'

"I did not wait to know the result of the search, as I feared the worst. My dreams for some time were disturbed by visions of a martyred kitten. All that my aunt said was, 'Those girls' faces were the hardest I ever saw.'"—New York Times.

Considerate Burglars.

"Talk about nerve!" exclaimed G. C. Smith, a member of a party at the Southern who were discussing burglaries. "I had a visit from a gang of housebreakers last week who have the record for farreaching and iridescent audacity. They entered my house while I was at home, ransacked every room in it, took my watch and pocketbook from under my pillow and my revolver from the washstand drawer. Then they went into the kitchen, lit a fire and cooked their breakfast. Not content with that, they entered the cellar and tapped my wine. They rigged themselves out in my clothes and put their own old duds in the clothespress. They tested the silverware, found it plated and left it.

"But that was not the worst. I had paid twenty dollars only a week before for a bulldog, whose sole duty was to watch the premises. The next morning I found him shut up in the coalhouse, with a rubber band around his jaws and a tag tied to his tail, which read, 'We didn't take yer perp, cos we thot as how mebbe he war raised a pet, an you might be fond of him.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Big Wells for Drinking Water.

The Indianapolis Water company is greatly pleased with the three deep wells it has sunk near the water gallery. "These wells," said Mr. Heckman, "go down to a depth of 825 feet, and the water comes out of the rock. The three are flowing into the gallery at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons a day. One of them is a 10-inch well and the other two are eight inches each in diameter. The water rises in them to within six or eight feet of the surface, and they flow into the gallery at fifteen or twenty feet below the surface with about a 7-foot head. These wells at this great depth are wholly cut off from any chance of surface pollution, being separated therefrom by any number of layers of hardpan. They were put down by an experienced gas well driller, and we shall put down four more. There can be no doubt whatever of the purity of this water supply."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mad Trio.

In Schimmelberg, a lunatic—one of the quieter sort—had to be taken to the asylum at Holzersried. To avoid a scene two of his friends undertook the task and engaged a cab for a drive into the country. It was very hot, and our travelers called at the Golden Monkey for a drink. They drove on till they came to another wayside inn, and must needs make another halt to test the quality of the liquor sold there. Presently the asylum hove in sight, when, as they drove into Holzersreid, they alighted at the first public house, just to wet "the other eye." At last they reached the asylum where the poor patient was to be left, but all three were in such a condition that there was no telling which was the real lunatic. As it was late in the evening, they were locked up in separate cells, and next morning the right man was picked out.—Humoristiche Blatter.

Tennyson Disliked Being Interviewed.

Countless stories have been told of the audacity of strangers in Freshwater, and the Americans of course have come in for their share of the anecdotes. On one occasion a southern general came to visit him. Tennyson abhorred interviewing and interviewers, and stipulated, therefore, with his visitor that there should be nothing of the kind. "Interviewing!" rejoined the southerner, with an expression of great disgust; "in this house we are gentlemen. We leave interviewing to those darned Yankees."—Cor. Boston Herald.

GUNBOAT JUSTICE.

Teaching South Sea Natives That It Is Costly to Kill and Eat White Men.

The Solomon islanders, who inhabit a beautiful archipelago stretching for 500 miles parallel with the northeast coast of New Guinea, have earned the reputation of being among the wildest and most untamable of savages. It is only within a few years that the missionaries have attempted to work among them. Before the natives grew accustomed to the sight of trading vessels it was as much as a man's life was worth to venture on shore, and the islanders were left pretty much to themselves until six or seven years ago, when England and Germany divided the islands between them, and then looked around to see if they were really worth dividing. Since then a number of traders and missionaries have built stations on the islands and persistently wooed the natives to barter and prayer. The coy and suspicious creatures, however, have distrusted the good intentions of the strangers, and as they are confirmed head hunters they have lost no opportunity to lop off the head of a white man whenever they caught him alone.

The British Government decided to keep a war vessel in the neighborhood and teach the natives better than to eat missionaries and to adorn tabu houses with the skulls of traders. So her majesty's ship Rapid has done a lively business inflicting gunboat justice upon villages indulging in cannibal feasts, with white men as the most tempting delicacy on the bill of fare.

When the captain of the Rapid made his last report he had just executed a native for the murder of Mr. Duval, a white trader. The crime occurred in Mott bay, among the southern islands of the group. One day, soon after the murder, the Rapid anchored in the bay and sent word to the chief that unless the murderer of Mr. Duval was delivered within two hours the village would be shelled. The Solomon islanders have had considerable experience of this sort, and the chief knew just what to expect. The chief and one of his men promptly set off in a canoe for the warship, having in charge a native, whom they delivered up as the murderer of Mr. Duval.

The accused man made a full confession of his crime. The captain of the Rapid made a careful investigation, convinced himself that the prisoner was the culprit he was after, and sentenced him to be shot at 8 o'clock next morning at the village where the murder had occurred.

At daybreak next morning a solemn procession of boats went ashore carrying the prisoner. It was thought that the treacherous natives might be ill mannered enough to attempt to interfere with the programme. A line of seamen was therefore extended around the part of the village facing the woods to guard against surprise. The prisoner was led ashore and tied to a tree. He was very calm, observed all the preparations without a tremor and did not utter a word even when he was blindfolded. Several hundred natives grouped themselves around the place of execution, looking on in awed silence.

A firing party of ten marines was told off, marched up in front of the condemned savage and loaded their rifles. The color sergeant gave the command, "Present!" and then, after a moment's silence, came the word, "Fire!" and then the ten rifles blazed away. The murder of the white man had been avenged. The doctor pronounced the victim dead, and the ten marines marched back to their boat, leaving the body for the natives to bury. Such lessons as this will impress the natives, if anything will, that it is better all around to let white men live than to kill and eat them.—New York Sun.

A Rotary Steam Cloth Press.

Important advantages are claimed for a rotary steam cloth press invented by a veteran machine builder, the improvement consisting of a novel arrangement of the pressers which insures a largely increased amount of pressing surface. The apparatus utilizes nearly the entire surface of the greatly enlarged main cylinder as a pressing surface by means of a series of small pressers, some ten in all, these being ranged about the periphery of the cylinder, and are capable of operation at any degree of pressure that may be required. Thus a very powerful pressure may be applied when necessary, much greater, it is claimed, than can be obtained by the ordinary device with the double presser. By means of such a mechanism the wear and tear upon the cloth is largely diminished.—New York Sun.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

The bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn over the East river from Park row, New York, to Sands and Washington streets, Brooklyn, was begun Jan. 2, 1870, and opened to traffic May 24, 1883. The cost of the bridge was over $15,000,000. The following are the statistics of the structure: Width of bridge, 85 feet; length of river span, 1,595 feet 6 inches; length of each land span, 930 feet; length of Brooklyn approach, 971 feet; length of New York approach, 1,562 feet 6 inches; total length of carriageway, 5,989 feet; total length of the bridge, with extensions, 6,537 feet. The whole number of car passengers during the year ending Dec. 1, 1891, was 39,766,043; whole number of foot and car passengers, 41,268,370.

Engraving Is a Very Old Art.

The father of Pythagoras was a celebrated engraver of gems, and according to classical history both Helen and Ulysses wore engraved rings. Engraving on semiprecious stones was an art at a very remote age. The British museum proudly boasts the possession of a small square of yellow jasper bearing the figure of a horse and the name and titles of Amenophis II, believed to date back to about the year 1450 B. C. The very finest specimen of engraved gem now in existence is a head of Nero, carved on a first water diamond by the brothers Castanzi in the year 1790 A. D.—St. Louis Republic.

THE BEST

Remedy for colds, coughs, and the common disorders of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is universally recommended by the profession. It breaks up the phlegm, soothes inflammation, allays painful symptoms, and induces repose. In bronchitis and pneumonia, it affords speedy relief, and is unrivaled as a prompt and effective

Emergency Medicine

in croup, sore throat, and the sudden pulmonary diseases to which young children are so liable.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief, and were cured, after taking this preparation."—Miss Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Butte's Hermit Miser.

In the western part of town and near the village of Burlington there is a strange character who excites no end of comment by his peculiar actions. He is the owner or leaser of a mine, the shaft of which is about fifty feet in depth. This strange individual works the mine all by himself, and to the people whom he meets he is an enigma. He steadfastly refuses to be interviewed, and although prospectors on neighboring mines have made repeated efforts to even get a salutation from him they have signally failed.

Every morning as regular as clockwork he descends into the mine by means of the ladder, and remains there until evening. Occasionally he is seen to hoist a bucket of waste, and it is presumed that this action is made necessary by the fact that he is driving a crosscut single handed and alone, and gets cramped for want of room.

But the most peculiar thing in connection with this singular man is his manner of working. Every two weeks he changes shifts and works during the nighttime for two weeks, to change at the end of that time to two weeks' day shift. Some of the miners who were in that locality believe that the man is an old time miner who has become so accustomed to working two weeks night and two weeks day that he cannot overcome the habit.—Butte Inter Mountain.

Burglars robbed the safe of D. Warner & Sons' implement warehouse at South Bend, Ind., of notes for $1,500 made payable to the Milwaukee Harvesting company.

Edward Beggs of Almont, Wis., was thrown from his wagon and killed at Plover, Wis.

John A Benson, ex-Surveyor general of California, has been acquitted of 2,000 charges of fraudulent surveys and entries of government land.

John Irvin was fatally wounded by a premature explosion of a cannon at a Democratic celebration at Rosehill, Ills.

A receiver has been asked for the Ohio Farmers' Insurance company at Columbus. The company lost $60,000 by the Milwaukee fire.

Sherman Sluth, a plumber of Charleston, Ills., disappeared election day. Foul play is feared.

The auditor of public accounts of Illinois has licensed the London Guarantee and Accident company (limited) of London, England, to do an accident and employers' liability insurance business in the state.

Thomas Oliver, a showman well known throughout the northwest, visited Minneapolis last Tuesday and was last seen that night talking to an unknown person. Oliver had been in receipt of a threatening letter from a person who signed his name Kennedy.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V O R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Langale, S O.; Stephen Conley, J O.; James Kelley, I S.; J T Cook, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G O Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, S p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 36th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B child, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 262 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 45, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sensee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schultz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, S p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas P Lusk, R S, 289 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] st; T E Enoch, Sr. W Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 3441 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 300 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Our Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 594 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquea, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 3974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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State Secretary, J. F. Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut st, Bloomington, Ill.

State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.

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